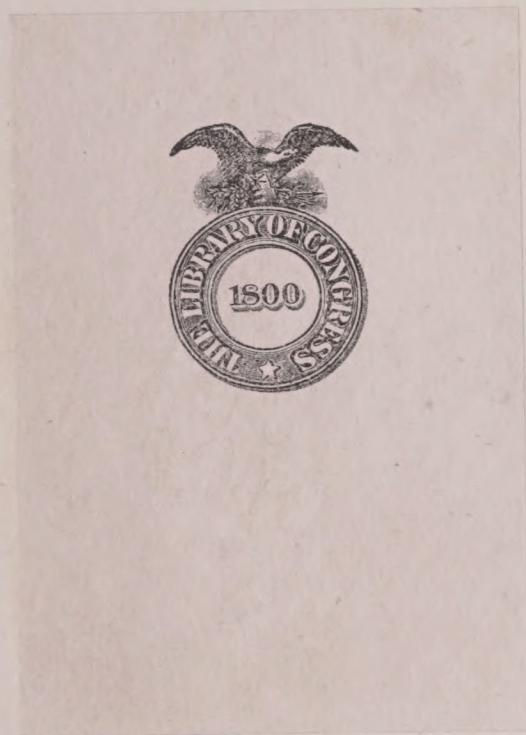


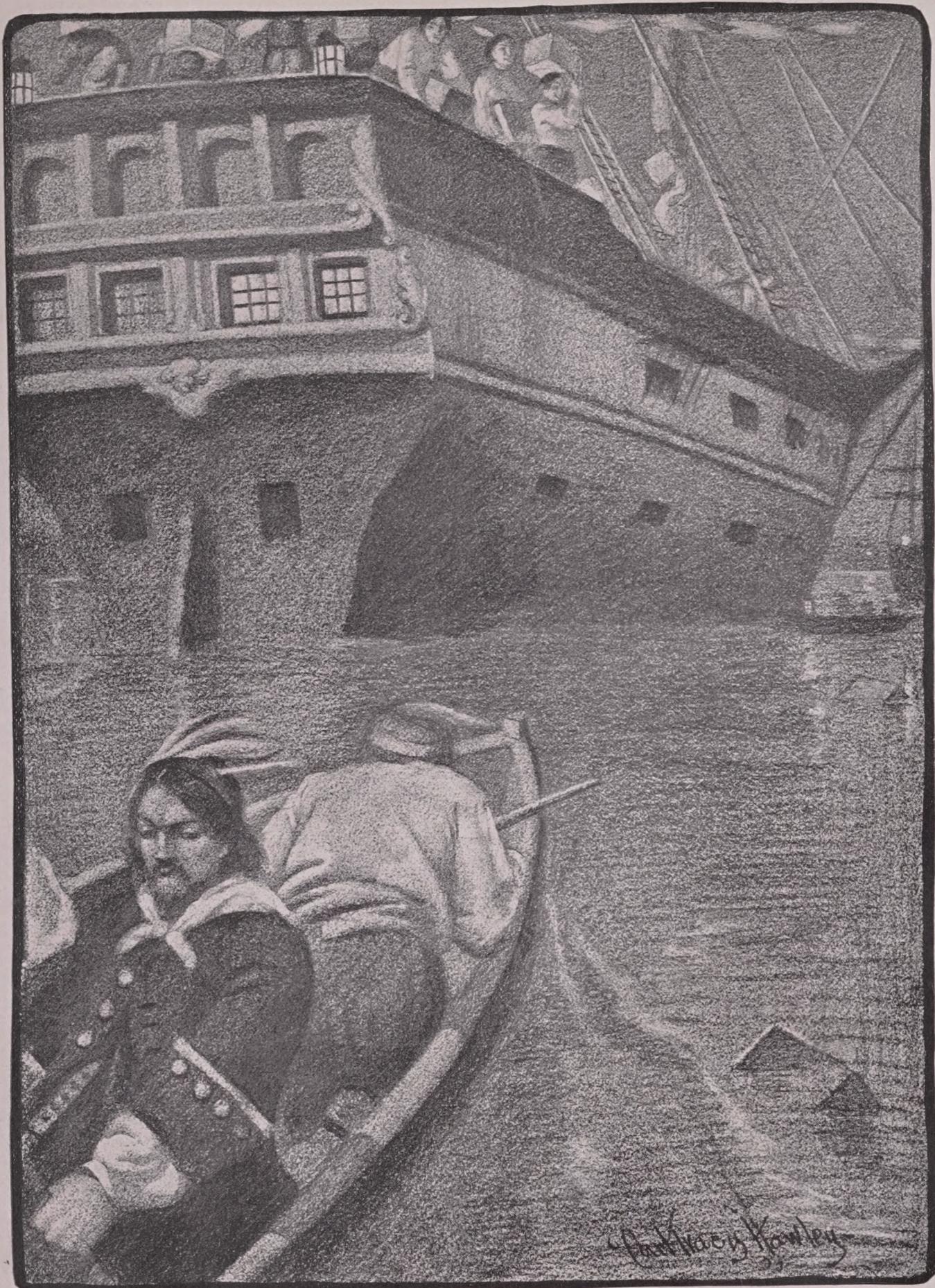
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THROWING THE TEA OVERBOARD IN BOSTON HARBOR

(PAGE 12—“THE BOSTON TEA-PARTY”)

History in **RHYMES** **AND** **JINGLES**



BY

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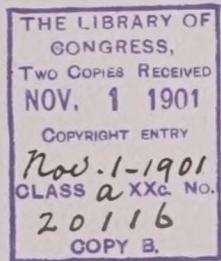
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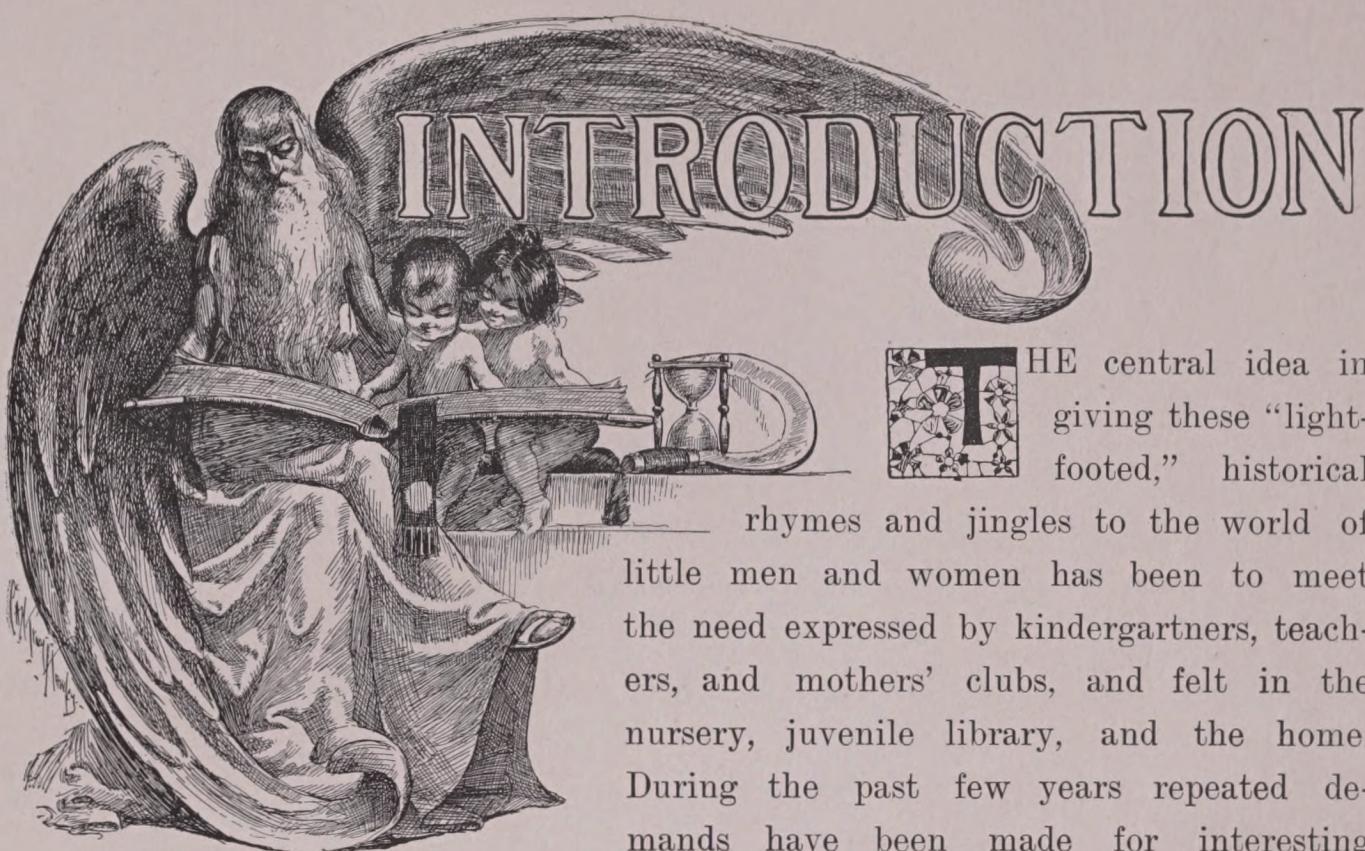
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and instructive sense in Mother Goose rhymes and jingles to replace the nonsense. To offset the shallow, aimless babble with things of value dressed in an old, attractive style, has been the purpose of these jingling tales.

The few efforts in this direction have been in prose and illustration entirely. The living thing in Mother Goose and all folk-lore—the music, the rhyme, the rhythm, the jingle, the play on sounds, the refrain—this is sacrificed unfortunately for the facts of science, mythology, history, and literature. Such works may and do appeal to boys and girls of more mature minds, but they do not take the place of Mother Goose for the little folks. The sound, the song, and not the thought, is the enduring quality in nursery jingles. The original meaning has been lost in most all of them.

Children love history for the “story” element in it. No other subject adapts itself more easily, or with more profit, to the early period of vivid imagination and unquenchable curiosity. Great men and women, heroic deeds, epoch-making events, interesting facts, world-changing movements—these of themselves engage the attention of youthful minds. The educational value of history, either in acquired knowledge or in mental discipline, cannot be questioned. No subject can do more to prepare the embryonic citizen for



HE central idea in giving these “light-footed,” historical rhymes and jingles to the world of little men and women has been to meet the need expressed by kindergartners, teachers, and mothers’ clubs, and felt in the nursery, juvenile library, and the home. During the past few years repeated demands have been made for interesting

INTRODUCTION

the duties of national and world-citizenship. Nothing will give a child a better idea of time, place, and the world of different people in which one must live.

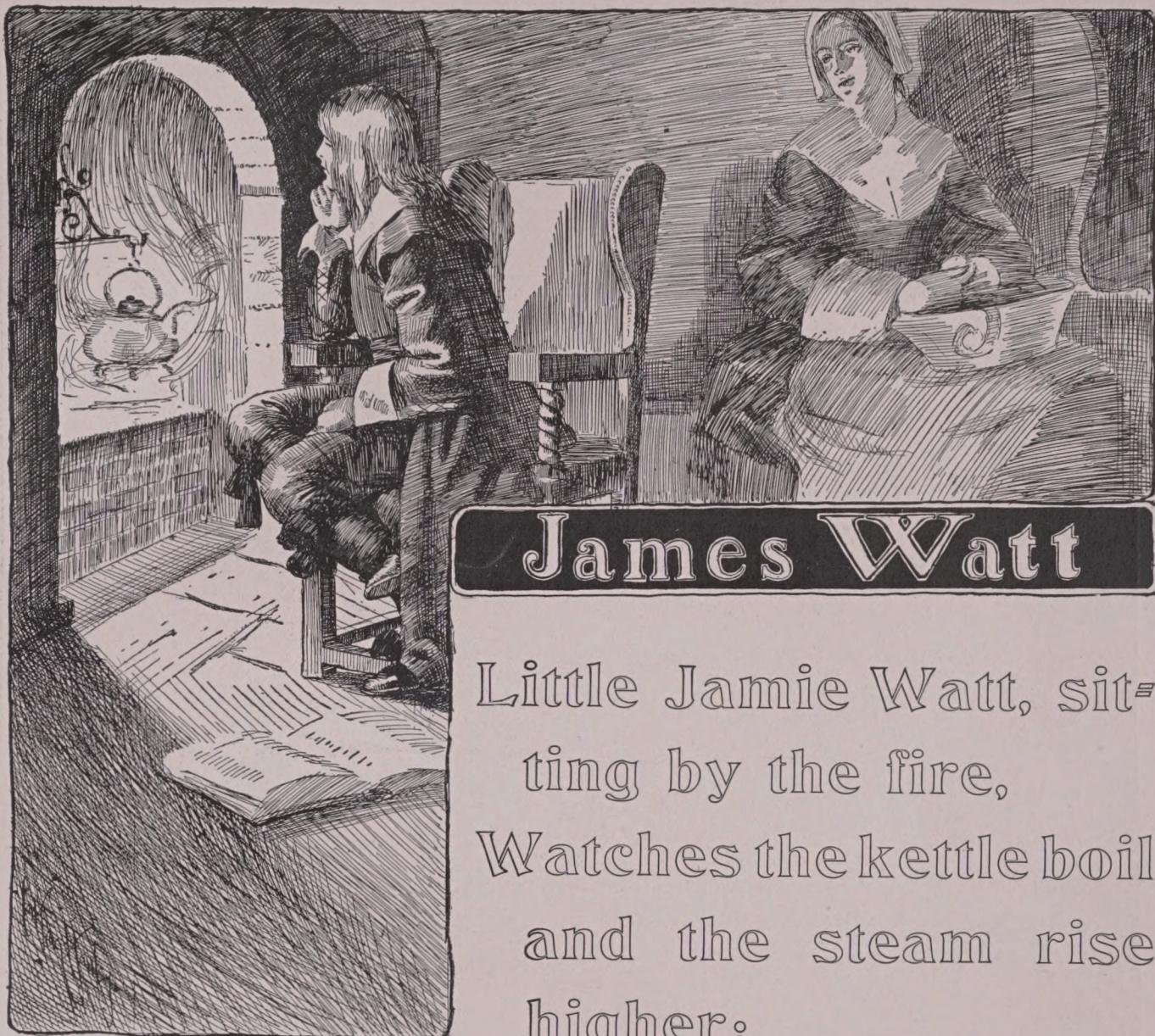
The bare historical narrative is not enough for children. It must have life, color, and sound. Hence the rhyme is used. Jingles seem to fill niches in children's brains. The form, rather than the thing said, lives in their minds, and often the matter is lost while the music still remains. Rhyme and rhythm help to recall ideas—even to grown persons. Surviving jingles are those developed as universal folk-songs. Mother Goose is our best collection. The cry is not raised against the rhyme, rhythm, verse or jingle of Mother Goose, for it is conceded that these are essential and helpful; but against the subject-matter—the grotesque, low ideals, the foolishness, the crude exaggeration, the bad morals, and the distortions.

“HISTORY IN RHYMES AND JINGLES” is intended, in short, to put new wine into old bottles, to clothe what ought to be well-known personages in time-honored garments, to set new songs to familiar music, to retain the common forms, rhythm, verse, sound, alliteration, and jingle, but to use material of a more elevating and instructive character. The effort is not to abolish Mother Goose's tales, but to make them more attractive and useful. This collection is a supplement and not a substitute. Of the several hundred nursery rhymes not more than half a dozen are on historical subjects, and those are of an inferior kind. This volume covers that rich field, and, it is hoped, will find a helpful mission.

A. C. F.

SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY.





James Watt

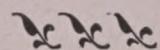
Little Jamie Watt, sitting by the fire,
Watches the kettle boil
and the steam rise
higher;

His mother calls him lazy,
Says he'll only dream;
But he is planning how
To chain the giant=steam.

[James Watt, born in Scotland in 1736, and died at Birmingham, England, in 1819, was a famous mechanician, inventor, and civil engineer. About 1760, he began making experiments in improving the steam engine and invented the condensing steam engine in 1765.]



Peter Stuyvesant



Hippity, hoppity, peggity, peg,
Goes Peter Stuyvesant on his wooden leg;
He says this leg is worth to him
Much more than any other limb.

And so he stumps about the town,
And stares at people with a frown,
It makes the children laugh and shout
To see old Peter stump about.

Governor of New Amsterdam, 1647-1664.

[*Stuyvesant (Sti've-sant), born in Holland in 1602, was the last Dutch Governor of New York, and died there, on his farm, the Bonwerij (Bowery), Aug., 1682.*]

The Boston Tea-Party

Once twenty men in Boston
Thought they'd make some tea;
They took it from a British ship
And boiled it in the sea.

They dressed as Indians wild, that day;
The secret was kept well,
For though their names were known to all,
Of them no one would tell.

And when the King of England
Had heard what they had done,
He sent his soldiers over,
And thus was war begun.

[The "Boston Tea-Party" affair forms an early incident in the resistance of the thirteen American colonies to the injustice of Great Britain in taxing the people of America and insisting on other repressive and coercive measures. Britain at this era removed the tax on tea for her own people, but retained the tax on the tea sent to and used in the American colonies. This caused a rising at Boston, Mass., when British ships, in spite of warnings, brought a cargo of tea to the port. On Dec. 16, 1773, while the tea ships lay at Griffin's Wharf, a party of the young men of the town, disguised as Indians, rushed to the wharf, took possession of the ships, seized the tea chests, broke them open, and poured the contents into the harbor. Britain retaliated by closing the port of Boston to commerce. The first fighting of the Revolutionary War shortly followed this episode.]



Liberty Bell

THIS is the bell that rang so loud,
To tell to all the waiting-crowd
Our country should be free.

It rang to tell the country round,
To all who heard that joyful sound,
That we no longer would be bound
To kings across the sea.

[July 4, 1776.]

Independence Day

HARK! hark! hear the bells ring,
Hear the drums beat and hear the band play;
Soldiers are marching,
And banners are waving,
And children are happy and gay.

By firecrackers flashing,
And loud cannons crashing,
And rockets that reach to the sky;
By music and dancing,
And gay horses prancing,
We know 'tis the Fourth of July.

LIBERTY BELL



(14)

MOLLY PITCHER

Molly Pitcher



Hurrah for Molly Pitcher!
The heroine so brave;
Her service to her country
She always freely gave.

Ever in the thickest fight,
Where shot and shell were
flying fast,
With her pitcher filled with water
This noble woman passed.

And soldiers wearied with the fight,
Or lying wounded on the ground,
Blessed Molly as she came in sight
And passed the water round.

Her husband was a gunner,
And when he fell beside his gun
Fair Molly calmly took his place
And served until the fight was won.

By Washington was Molly
praised,
For this heroic deed;
An army sergeant she was
made,
A pension was her meed.

A lofty marble marks the spot
Where lies this woman strong
and brave;
A grateful country raised the
shaft
O'er Molly Pitcher's grave.

[Molly Pitcher was the wife of a soldier who fought in the Revolutionary War against Great Britain. She distinguished herself at the battle of Monmouth Court House, in New Jersey, on June 28, 1778, by taking the place of her husband who was killed while discharging a cannon. General Washington, who saved the day for the American arms, commended Molly's bravery and gave her a commission as sergeant.]

Benedict Arnold

BENEDICT ARNOLD was a very mean traitor,
Of his own fatherland he was surely a hater;
By the British well paid
His trust he betrayed,—
This wicked man Arnold, the traitor.

He held at West Point a fortress so strong,
Which guarded the river when ships came along.
He offered to sell for office and gold,
This fortress he knew 'twas his duty to hold,—
This West Point fortress so high and so strong.

Young Major André a fine English man,
Was sent to West Point to see the fort's plan,
But the Americans caught him,
And to their camp brought him,—
This young Major André, this brave English man.

Then Benedict Arnold, the traitor so mean,
In the *patriot* ranks was never more seen,
And poor Major André the penalty paid,
Of that plot at West Point which Arnold had made,—
That wicked man Arnold, the traitor so mean. [1780.]

Bluff King Hal

KING HENRY EIGHTH, called "Hal the bluff,"
His heart was hard, his manners rough;
He thought so much of womankind
It took six wives to suit his mind.
I wonder what their names could be,—
Two Anns, one Jane, and Catherines three.

[Reigned 1509-47.]



St George.

The saint of England, brave St. George,
Was a valiant knight and true,
To save a princess young and fair,
A dragon fierce he slew.

All Englishmen who loved the right,
Whose honor knew no taint,
Who courage showed in every fight,
Made him their patron saint.

And when to battle fierce they rushed,
Their good swords waving high,
To fight for faith or freedom's cause,
"St. George and England" was their cry.

Saint George is the national saint of England, in consequence of the miraculous assistance said to be rendered by him to the army of the Christians under Godfrey de Bouillon during the first Crusade.

Discovery of America



EN weeks of weary sailing
And not a sight of land.
“Have patience,” said Columbus
To his disheartened band.

But the crew had grown rebellious.
“Just see, this west wind strong,
Will lead us to destruction—
Our lives will not be long.”

Then the strong and calm Columbus
His sailors cheered once more;
“Look at that flock of land-birds,
We must be near the shore.”

The natives he called Indians,
Because he thought he'd found
The Indies off from Asia
For which he had been bound.

One night the wind brought to them
The breath of flowers sweet,
And with the light of morning
What sight their eyes did greet!

A beautiful great island
With many a bloom and bird,
And such odd-looking natives,
They really were absurd.

And then the great Columbus,
With cope and splendid gown,
Proclaimed the land as Spanish,
And put his banner down.

[October 12, 1492.]



John Eliot



JOHN ELIOT taught
The Indian to read,
And instructed him well
In a good Christian creed.

If all the white men
Such kindness had shown
Much happier times
Had the first settlers known.

[Lived 1604-90.]

Surrender at Yorktown

HE sad war with England
Was still being fought,
While like a mouse in a
trap
Cornwallis was caught.

The fleet of the French
Closed up the bay tight,
And there on the land
Were armies to fight.

George Washington led
Our soldiers that day,
And good Lafayette
Took part in the fray.

When Cornwallis knew
Captured sure he would be;
He tried one dark night
O'er the river to flee.

And though his stout soldiers
No courage did lack,
A wild, blinding storm
Soon drove them all back.

When Cornwallis saw
Thus spoiled was his plan,
He laid down his sword
And gave up, like a man.

[Oct. 19, 1781.]

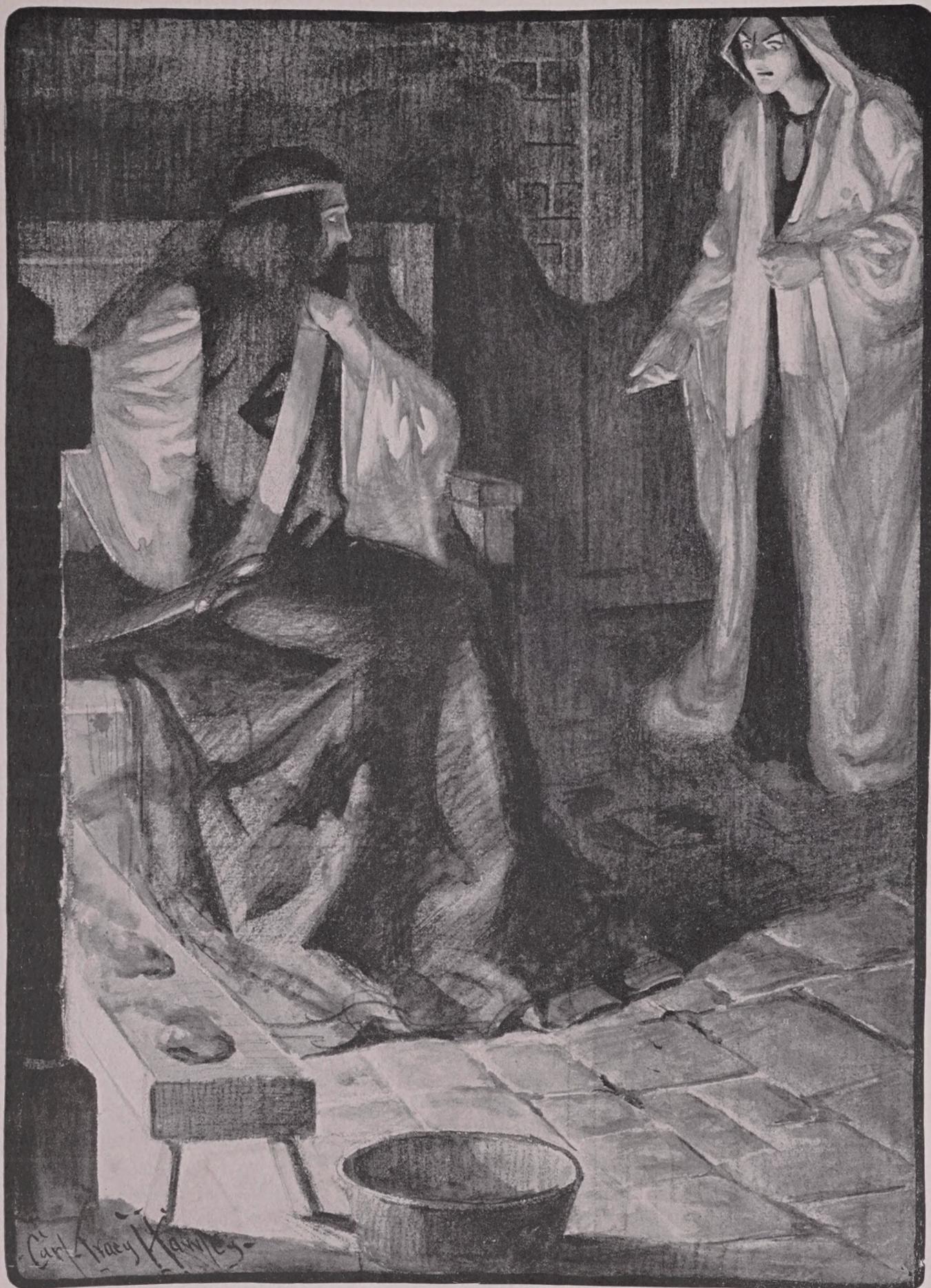
Captain Paul Jones



APTAIN PAUL JONES was a sailor bold,
And with his brave crew he scoured the sea;
His ship, the "Poor Richard," was leaky and old,
But little for that cared he.

He met the foe on the ocean blue,
And fought with all his might;
They sunk his ships and killed his crew,
But he had won the fight.

[Sept. 23, 1779.]



King Alfred and the Cakes

King Alfred the Great, in days long ago,
A battle once fought and fled from the foe ;
In the hut of a peasant he found refuge and rest,
And they never e'en dreamed that the king was their guest.

One day the good dame had made an oat cake,
Which she left on the hearth for Alfred to bake ;
She scolded him well when in haste she returned,
For the king was no cook, and the cake was quite burned.

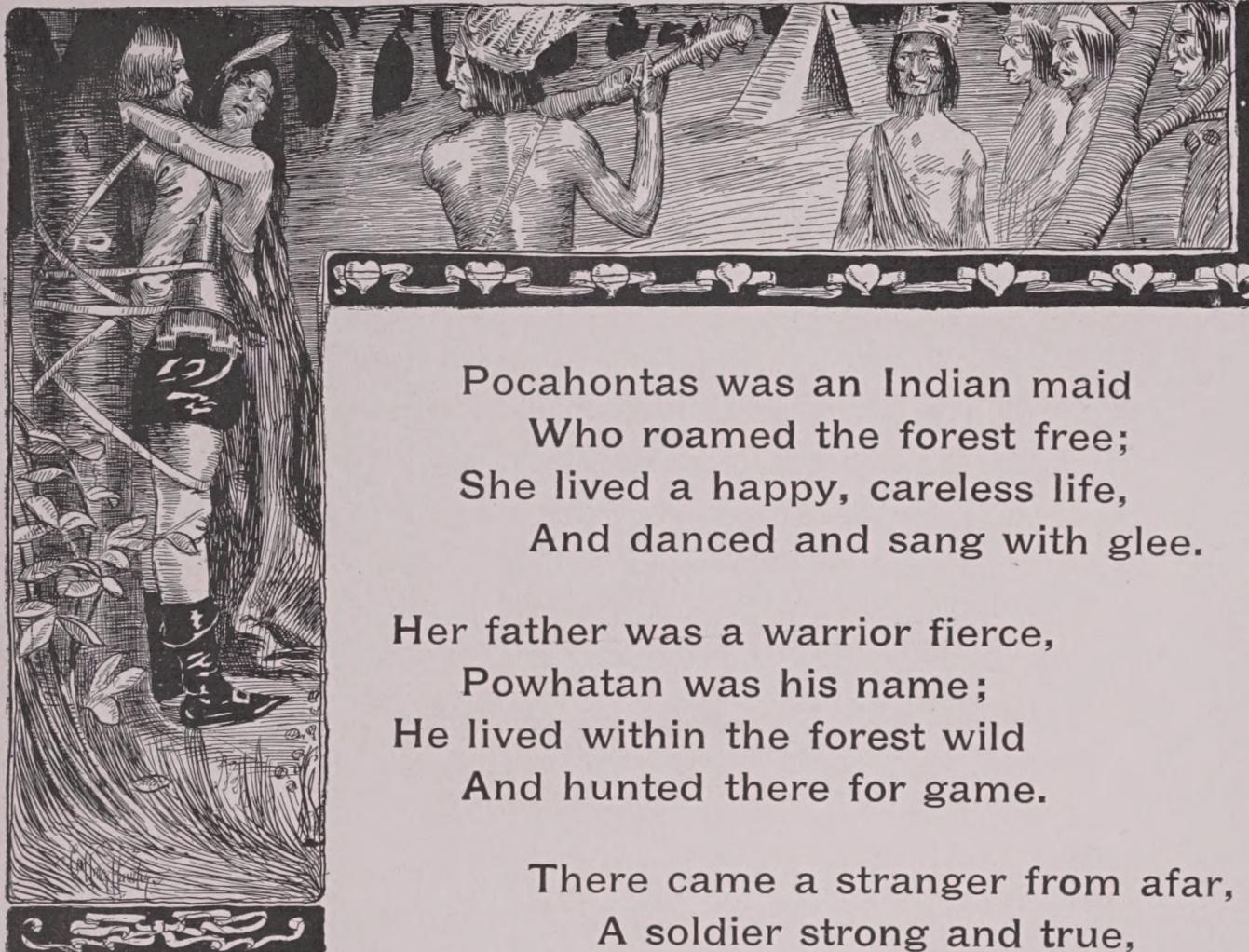
[*Alfred the Great, King of the West Saxons, reigned 871-901.*]

The Crusades

“Listen,” my children, “and you shall know
About the Crusades of long ago.
The Moslems captured the Holy Places
Which angered much all Christian races.
Then Europe far and wide did ring
With cries from Pope, and knight, and king.
And all did rise in wrath and might
To carry on this noble fight.”

[*From 11th to 13th century.*]

Pocahontas *and* Captain Smith



Pocahontas was an Indian maid
Who roamed the forest free;
She lived a happy, careless life,
And danced and sang with glee.

Her father was a warrior fierce,
Powhatan was his name;
He lived within the forest wild
And hunted there for game.

There came a stranger from afar,
A soldier strong and true,
With face so fair, and curly hair,
And eyes of sunny blue.

The Indians seized this warrior bold
And vowed to take his life,
They tied him fast unto a tree,
Then raised the fatal knife.

Then Pocahontas rushed between,
Her father's wrath she braved,
"O spare this noble youth," she cried,
And Captain Smith was saved.

[Capt. John Smith was an English adventurer, who early in the 17th century explored the Chesapeake river, and in 1608-9 became president of the colony of Virginia and the historian of the region. He died at London in 1631.]



The Red Man of The Forest



'HE Red Man of the Forest"—

Don't you think that he was
funny?

He made no cities, houses, ships,
And had no metal money.

He built no roads or bridges,
But through the forest crossed,
And swam the swiftest rivers,
And seldom was he lost.

He made him bows and arrows
To shoot all sorts of game,
And tomahawks he fashioned
To win a warrior's fame.

He had no books or papers
And scorned all kinds of work;
His poor squaw built the wigwam,
Nor did she dare to shirk.

And while he fished and hunted,
And with the warriors fought,
She tilled the ground and farmed it,
And then her children taught.

When on the savage war-path
The Indian was brave;
But cruel and revengeful,—
No foeman's life would save.

At home he was quite lazy
And gambled many a day;
But he was good and kindly—
Ne'er turned his friends away.

He could endure great hardship
And bravely bear all pain;
He loved all kinds of trinkets,
And was quite proud and vain.

He worshiped the Great Spirit,
And thought his heaven would be
A forest great for hunting,
And feasting merrily.

Discovery of the Hudson

A SHIP went sailing o'er the seas
With many sailors brave,
They cared not, in their sturdy craft,
For wind or tide or wave.

They hoped by sailing north and west
To find a shorter way
To reach the far East Indian Isles
Than any known that day.

At last they reached a channel broad,
But found no China Sea,
For, as they sailed, it narrow grew,
And a river proved to be.

The "Half Moon" was the good ship called ;
The world now knows the fame
Of Hudson, and for many years
The river's borne his name.

The discoverer of the Hudson River was Henry Hudson, a noted English navigator. After visiting American waters, he sailed to the Arctic Seas, but his crew mutinied and put him in a small boat and set him adrift, with eight others, and he was never heard of again.

[1609.]

The Mayflower

THE Mayflower, the Mayflower,
Went sailing to the West ;
Of the men of old England
She had on board the best.

There was doughty Miles Standish
Who a sharp sword could brandish,
And Elder Brewster so grave,
Bradford and Winslow,
Who feared ne'er a foe,
And Governor Carver the brave.

[On this ship the English Pilgrims landed at
Plymouth, Mass., Dec. 21, 1620.]



English Settlements



THE oldest English settlement
Was made in sixteen
seven,
In honor of the sovereign, James,
Whose name to it was given.
I hope we always shall remember
In sixteen twenty, in December,
The Pilgrim Fathers reached
this land
Where they in Plymouth made
their stand.
In sixteen hundred thirty-four
The noble young Lord Baltimore
With his small and hardy band
Founded the colony of Mary-
land.

In sixteen hundred eighty-one
That loyal Quaker, William
Penn,
Made Pennsylvania his domain,
With equal rights for all his
men.
In sixteen sixty-four
New Jersey's colony began,
With grants from Charles, the
English king,
To settle on the Raritan.
In sixteen hundred thirty-six
A Massachusett's exile came
To found Rhode Island's colony,
Though Providence he called
its name.



The Barbary Pirates



THE Dey of Algiers was a pirate most bold,
Our vessels he seized, their brave crews he sold.
He thought Uncle Sam was too busy just then
To punish his treatment of these noble men.

By a shot from our cannon this pirate was shown
That Uncle Sam's children were best let alone;
He gave them all back with trembling and fears,
No more were we vexed by this Dey of Algiers.

[1805.]



The Ironsides

The men of Cromwell's army,
What curious folks were they;
When any private soldier
Could preach, and fight, and pray.

Around the evening campfire,
Instead of jest and song,
These soldiers queer beguiled
the time
With sermons dull and
long.

But when it came to fighting
They showed their mettle
then,
The world still calls them
"Ironsides,"
Those preaching, fighting
men.

[The soldiers who served under Oliver Cromwell, in the middle of the 17th century, just before the era of the Commonwealth in England, were called "Ironsides." The name was specially fitting, particularly after the battle of Marston Moor (July 2, 1644), where the covenanting soldiers displayed an iron resolution on the field.]



COME and hear about the queen,
Yclept, the good queen Bess;
Why the people called her good
Can anybody guess?

Not that she was pious,
She'd like a trooper swear;
Not for her sweet temper,—
In rages fierce she'd flare.

Not that she was faithful
To any of her friends,
She'd turn against her dearest one
And never make amends.

Not that she was modest
About her looks or dress,
Of gowns she had three thousand,
This wonderful Queen Bess.

And she, at three score years and ten,
Was vain as any girl,
With painted face and monstrous hoops,
And wigs all made to curl.

And she was most ungrateful
To all who did her good,
And laid the blame of all her faults
On anyone she could.

And not a queen in all the world
Could tell so many lies;

But she was brave and she was strong,
And most extremely wise.

She chose the best and truest men
To help her rule the state,
And their hard work and counsel wise
Made England very great.

Her will was strong, her courage high,
Her judgment good and true,
And so she ruled the country well
And England stronger grew.

A scholar fine was this great queen,
And many tongues could speak,
Made Latin speeches to her lords,
And scolded them in Greek.

When Spanish ships upon the sea
Gave England such a fright,
She rode on horseback 'mid the troops,
And bade them bravely fight.

And her stanch words and martial air
And noble, stately mien
Gave strength and courage to the men
Who loved their maiden queen.

And now I think that you must know
And will not have to guess,
Why all the people loved her so
And called her "Good Queen Bess."

[Elizabeth, Queen of England (1558-1603), daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, was a vain, vindictive, but learned woman. She had wise counsellors, however, and ruled England well, and so was termed in her day "Good Queen Bess."]

K	Katy Did	K
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THREE was a Russian Empress,
 Whose name full well we know,—
 The second Catherine, she is called,
 But if we call her so
 It sounds too long and formal;
 So let us change her name,
 And simply call her Katy,
 'Twill mean to us the same.

Now let us see what Katy did
 In home or church or state,
 Because, you see, the Russians
 Have always called her great.

So Katy did,
 Of course she did,
 Some things both good and wise;
 Or else these folks,
 In foolish jokes,
 Are always telling lies.

She ruled in Russia many years
 With genius, and with might,
 And could have done a world of
 good
 If her actions had been right.
 Her energy and strength of will
 Increased the Russian state,
 And gave to her the name she bears
 Of "Catherine the Great."
 But Katy did,
 Bad Katy did,
 So many dreadful acts,
 That he who reads
 Her wicked deeds,
 Must judge her by those facts.

Her husband was the Emperor,
 Unlucky Peter Third,
 What wicked Katy did to him
 I'm sure you must have heard;
 For he was weak, and she was strong,
 And so this cruel wife,
 To put herself upon the throne,
 She took her husband's life.
 Yes Katy did,
 Bad Katy did
 This dreadful, cruel deed,
 The tale so sad
 Of Katy bad
 In history you can read.

There is a little insect
 That hides among the trees,
 And oft his sharp and piping note
 Floats on the summer breeze.
 The only song he ever sings
 Is "Katy did, O, Katy did";
 Now do you think he means this queen
 Whose actions should be hid?
 For Katy did,
 Yes Katy did,
 All of these dreadful things;
 Now is the song
 Of Katy's wrong
 What this queer insect sings?

[Empress Catherine II. of Russia reigned 1762-96.]

Socrates and Xantippe

Wise Socrates once on his doorstep sat,
A neighbor and he were having a chat;
Xantippe was scolding, in voice loud and
clear,
But to all her harsh words he turned a
deaf ear.

At last this cross woman, who always
loved strife,
Thought how she could make him hear
the voice of his wife;
Some dirty soap-suds from the window
she poured
Upon the bald head of her master and lord.

But Socrates laughed as he wiped his
wet head,
And to his shocked friend in a jolly voice
said:
"We all of us know, and 'tis really no
wonder,
A shower should come down after all
of this thunder."

—Socrates, a famous Greek philosopher, lived 470-399 B.C.





The Burning of Washington

• • •

The President and his family
Sat down to dine one night,
When suddenly, through the window,
There shone a brilliant light.

It was the time of war, you know,
When people lived in fear
That any moment to their homes
The British might appear.

And, sure enough, at last they came,
No room was there for doubt;
They set the Capitol on fire,
And put the guard to rout.

The President and Cabinet
They fled in hot-foot haste,
And all the people left the town
The flames had laid to waste.

But pretty Dolly Madison
Her senses kept that day,
She stopped to gather up the spoons
That on the table lay.*

*At the White House.

And when the war was over,
The frightened folks returned,
To build again the city
The enemy had burned.

They built again a Capitol
Much finer than the old;
And other public buildings,
Which took the people's gold.

A new house for the President
They built again so grand,
A fitting home for any man
Who e'er might rule this land.

And all things fine to furnish it
The people had to give,
That pretty Dolly Madison †
In proper state might live.

But one expense was spared them,
No spoons they had to buy,
Because bright Dolly Madison
Without them would not fly.

†Wife of the President.

[The burning of the city of Washington took place Aug. 24, 1814, during the War of 1812 between the United States and Great Britain. The chief cause of the war was Britain's insisting on "the right of search" on foreign vessels for seamen who had deserted from her own warships. The pretext for burning the Capitol was the looting and setting fire to York (now Toronto) by Commodore Chauncey and Generals Dearborn and Pike (April 27, 1813). In the following year, the British retaliated by blockading American ports on the Atlantic, and by sending Admiral Cockburn and General Ross up the Chesapeake river to attack Washington, which they did, and gave to the flames the Capitol, the White House, and other public buildings.]



The Northmen



FROM climes of the North
The Northmen went forth
 To conquer the whole wide world;
Rich conquests they made,
And wherever they stayed
 They o'er them their banner unfurled.

They landed in France
With war-axe and lance,
 And settled the northernmost part;
To England they went,
Their energies bent,
 On making another start.

To old Spain and Greenland,
America and Holland,
Italy and Prussia,
To Scotland and Ireland,
Portugal and Iceland,
 Among the many races,
 And many other places,
To island, state, and village,
They went to rob and pillage.

So in every land
With the natives they blended,
Till on every hand
 Their own race had ended.

The Northmen, or Norsemen, were seafarers and adventurers in the Middle Ages. They inhabited Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, and bands of them settled on the shores of England and France, during the 9th and 10th centuries.



Charles II



KING CHARLES THE SECOND was a merry, merry soul;
 A merry, merry soul was he;
He loved the dance, he loved the bowl,
 But for England naught cared he. [Reigned 1660-85.]



King Canute.

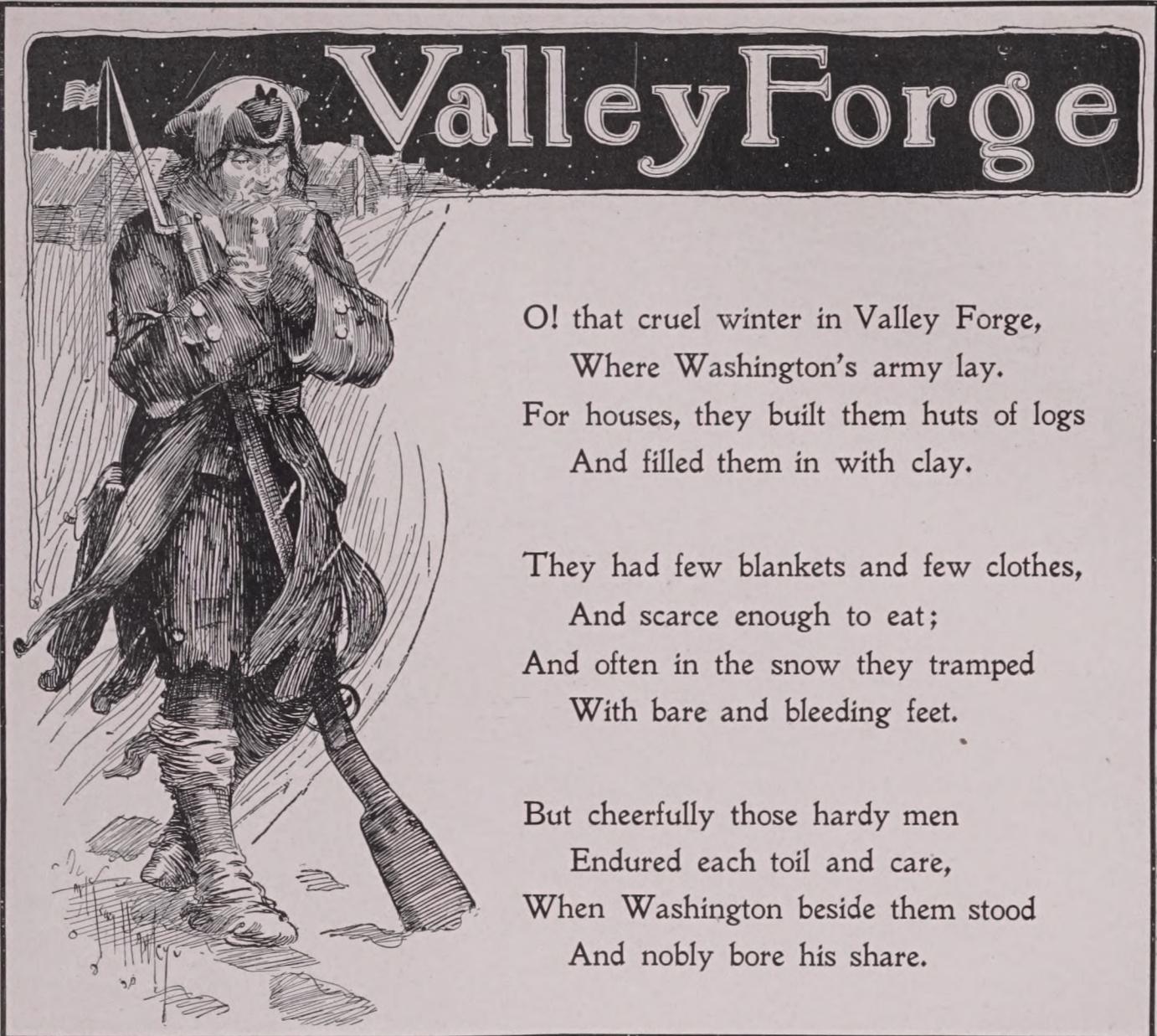
Oh, King Canute, he was so proud,
So very proud was he;
He thought by speaking to the waves
He could keep back the sea.

He loudly bade the waves
to stop,
As in his chair sat he;
But onward came the ris-
ing tide
And he was forced to flee.

[King Canute of England, who ruled from 1016 to 1025, was one of the wisest and mightiest monarchs of his age, though in his early years he was autocratic and given to cruelty.]

↔ Battle of Hastings ↔

Harold the Saxon so young and so brave,
Fought William the Norman his country to save,
But William the Norman the battle did gain
[1066.] And Harold the Saxon that morning was slain.



O! that cruel winter in Valley Forge,
Where Washington's army lay.
For houses, they built them huts of logs
And filled them in with clay.

They had few blankets and few clothes,
And scarce enough to eat;
And often in the snow they tramped
With bare and bleeding feet.

But cheerfully those hardy men
Endured each toil and care,
When Washington beside them stood
And nobly bore his share.

Battle of Lexington

IN the fight at Lexington
The redcoats ran away;
The farmers chased them with their
guns,
And fought them all the day.

[April 19, 1775.]

[Lexington was the scene of a notable engagement in the Revolutionary War (between the American Colonies and the motherland of Great Britain). The fight at Lexington (11 miles northwest of Boston) occasioned the first bloodshed in the war; it included the engagement at Concord, Mass., when the British were repulsed by "minute-men" under Captain Parker. Valley Forge is situated on the Schuylkill River, 20 miles northwest of Philadelphia. It is the scene where Washington and the American army passed the winter of 1777-78 amid terrible privations.]



Braddock's Defeat



GENERAL Braddock knew so much
That wisdom none could tell him;
Now if you listen to my song
I'll tell you what befell him.

He was an English soldier proud,
Who fought in many a battle;
And never knew a single fear
Amidst the cannon's rattle.

He sallied forth to fight the French,
And take their forts away,
And make the Indian tribes around
Own England's powerful sway.

With drum and fife and music fine,
In pride they marched away,
And thought it was an easy task
The savages to slay.

The bullets flew from every bush,
From every rock and tree,
Where hid the skulking coward foe,
They heard but could not see.

[Born in Scotland in 1695; killed at Great Meadows (now Pittsburg, Pa.), July 13, 1755.]

Our Washington was then quite young,
But wise as well as brave,
And to this haughty general
Much good advice he gave.

But General Braddock answered back
That times were far from right,
When buckskin colonels tried to teach
An English general how to fight.

And so this brave and haughty man,
To sound of drum and fife,
Set out upon that fatal trip,
Where he laid down his life.

His men went straggling through the woods,
Along a narrow dell,
When suddenly upon their ears
There burst the Indian yell.

Columbus and Isabella

COLUMBUS was a sailor bold,
Who swore the earth was round;
"By sailing to the east," he said,
"Some islands can be found."

But he was poor and had no ships,
Alas what could he do?
"I'll go and ask the queen," he said,
"I know she'll help me through."

Queen Isabella, good and kind,
Sold for him every jewel;
"To disappoint the poor man now,"
Said she, "would be quite cruel."

[1492.]

Battle of Bunker Hill

THE Americans went up Bunker Hill
One quiet summer night,
And there they built a wall of earth
Behind which they could fight.

When morning came the British troops
Marched up that steep hillside,
To storm and take the rebel fort,
And quell the Yankee's pride.

But Prescott told his waiting men,
"My boys, our powder's low,
Don't fire until you see their eyes,
Each shot must tell, you know."

The Yankees fired, the British troops
Ran pell-mell down the hill,
But General Howe then drove them back,
Though much against their will.

Again the shots rang from the fort,
Again the British fled,
And left behind them on the field
The dying and the dead.

A third assault we could not stand
With all our powder spent,
And so the Yankees left the fort,
But fighting as they went.

[June 17, 1775.]

The First Message

THE first telegraph message
To Washington went,
By Morse, the inventor
The message was sent.

The country all waited,
In reverent awe,
To witness this test
Of nature's great law.

Then over the wires,
As quick as a thought,
Were flashed these words,
[May 27, 1844.] "What hath God wrought."

Benjamin Franklin



HERE was an American,
The wisest of men,
Whose last name was
Franklin,
Whose first name was Ben.

A printer in boyhood,
A statesman in age,
His conduct was noble,
His counsels were sage.

His country called on him
When she was in need,
To Paris so fair
He hastened with speed.

And there he found help
Our troubles to end,
For there in gay Paris
He oft made a friend.

Now all the world honors
This statesman so grave,
Who spent all his life
His country to save.

This noble American,
This wisest of men,
Whose last name was Franklin,
Whose first name was Ben.

[Lived 1706-90.]

When Dewey Came Sailing Home



HIS is the arch the people built
When Dewey came sailing home.

This is the crowd that tramped the street
And followed the bands that played so sweet,
Beneath the arch the people built,
When Dewey came sailing home.

This is the hero, gray and bold,
Who sailed for home from countries old,
To greet the crowd that tramped the street
And followed the bands that played so sweet
Beneath the arch the people built
When Dewey came sailing home.

[The Public Reception of Admiral Dewey at New York,
took place Sept. 29-30, 1899.]

American Civil War

N April eighteen, sixty-one
War in America was begun,
The South on Sumter
opened fire
And roused the Northern people's
ire.

The first great battle of the war
Was in July, at Bull Run fought,
When stood the South against the
North,
And each the victory sought ;
For hours they stood in deadly fray,
And then the South had gained the
day.

In February, sixty-two,
The North their first great victory
won,
When General Grant, in four days'
fight,
Captured Fort Donelson.
In March of eighteen sixty-two,
The navies tried their power.
The naval fortunes of the South
Were broken from that hour
When met those iron-clads in war,
The "Merrimac" and "Monitor."
On April sixth of that same year,
At Shiloh, on the Tennessee,
Was fought that battle most severe

Where Grant again had victory.
In August, sixty-two, was fought
The second battle of Bull Run,
And when the day in darkness closed
The South again had won.

January first, in sixty-three,
Lincoln declared the slaves were free.
The South again a victory won
At Chancellorsville, in May ;
But sorrow filled each southern heart
When Stonewall Jackson fell that
day.
At Gettysburg, on July first,
The armies met again ;
Three days that fearful battle raged,
And many thousand men
Were killed upon that fatal field,
Which to the North did victory yield.
On July fourth, in sixty-three,
Besieged with shot and shell,
After three months of holding out,
The stronghold, Vicksburg, fell.

In sixty-four the plans were changed,
Two great campaigns were planned ;
Sherman marched eastward to the sea,
And Grant toward Richmond took
his stand.

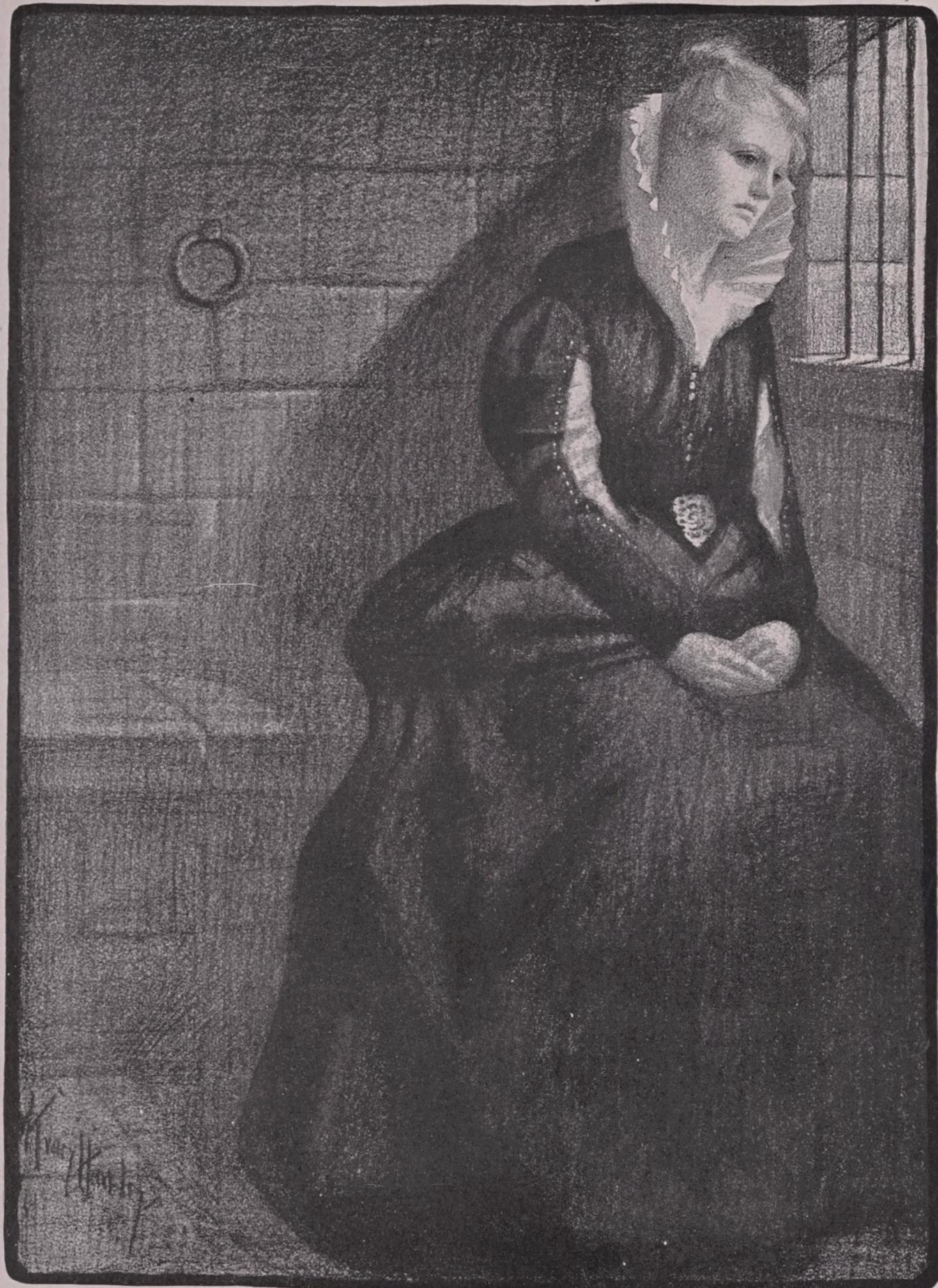


The Black Prince

Edward, the Black Prince,
Was a brave and gallant knight;
His armor was of shining black,
The plumes were snowy white.

He fought in Scotland and in France,
So he'd rule in kingdoms three.
He beat the Scotch, and beat the French,
But ne'er a crown wore he.

[*Edward, Prince of Wales, called "The Black Prince," was the son of Edward III. of England. He lived between the years 1330 and 1376. At the battle of Crecy in France (Aug. 26, 1346), he fought with distinction under his father, the king; in 1356, he gained the victory over the French at Poitiers; in 1367, he defeated the Castilians at Navarrete, in Spain; and in 1369-70 he stormed and sacked the French city of Limoges.*]



Mary Queen of Scots



O lovely Mary, Queen of Scots,
So beautiful was she,
She won the love of many hearts
Of high and low degree.

She came one day from sunny France
To take the Scottish throne;
So bonnie and so fair a queen
The Scots had never known.

O foolish Mary, Queen of Scots,
She signed her crown away;
For Rizzio's love and Darnley's death
The people made her pay.

Upon an island in a lake
There stood Lochleven tower,
And there they shut Queen Mary up
And took away her power.

But cunning Mary, Queen of Scots,
From out that castle stole,
To England's Queen she fled for aid;
That was a day of dole.

For sorrowing Mary, Queen of Scots,
Was into prison cast,
For nineteen dreary years she feared
Each day might be her last.

And then they led her out to die
Accused of many plots,
And that's the last this world e'er saw
Of Mary, Queen of Scots.

[*Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, was the daughter of James V of Scotland and Mary of Guise. On the death of Mary Tudor (Mary I.) she made claim to the English throne, and so became an enemy of Queen Elizabeth. After her flight to England, she was imprisoned, tried, and finally beheaded at Fotheringay, Feb. 8, 1587.*]

Antony and Cleopatra

O FOOLISH Antony!
Why do you stay?
Don't you know that Rome wants you?
You should'nt go away.

Cleopatra's beautiful,
That everybody knows;
But you are a soldier brave
And should fight your foes.

I will help you, Antony,
Said Cleopatra gay,
We will get our great ships out
And conquer in the fray.

In the midst of battle
Cleopatra fled;
Antony then followed,
Foul shame be on his head.

Then the mighty general,
And the queen so proud,
Killed themselves. They could not bear
The mocking of the crowd.

[30 B.C.]

Caesar

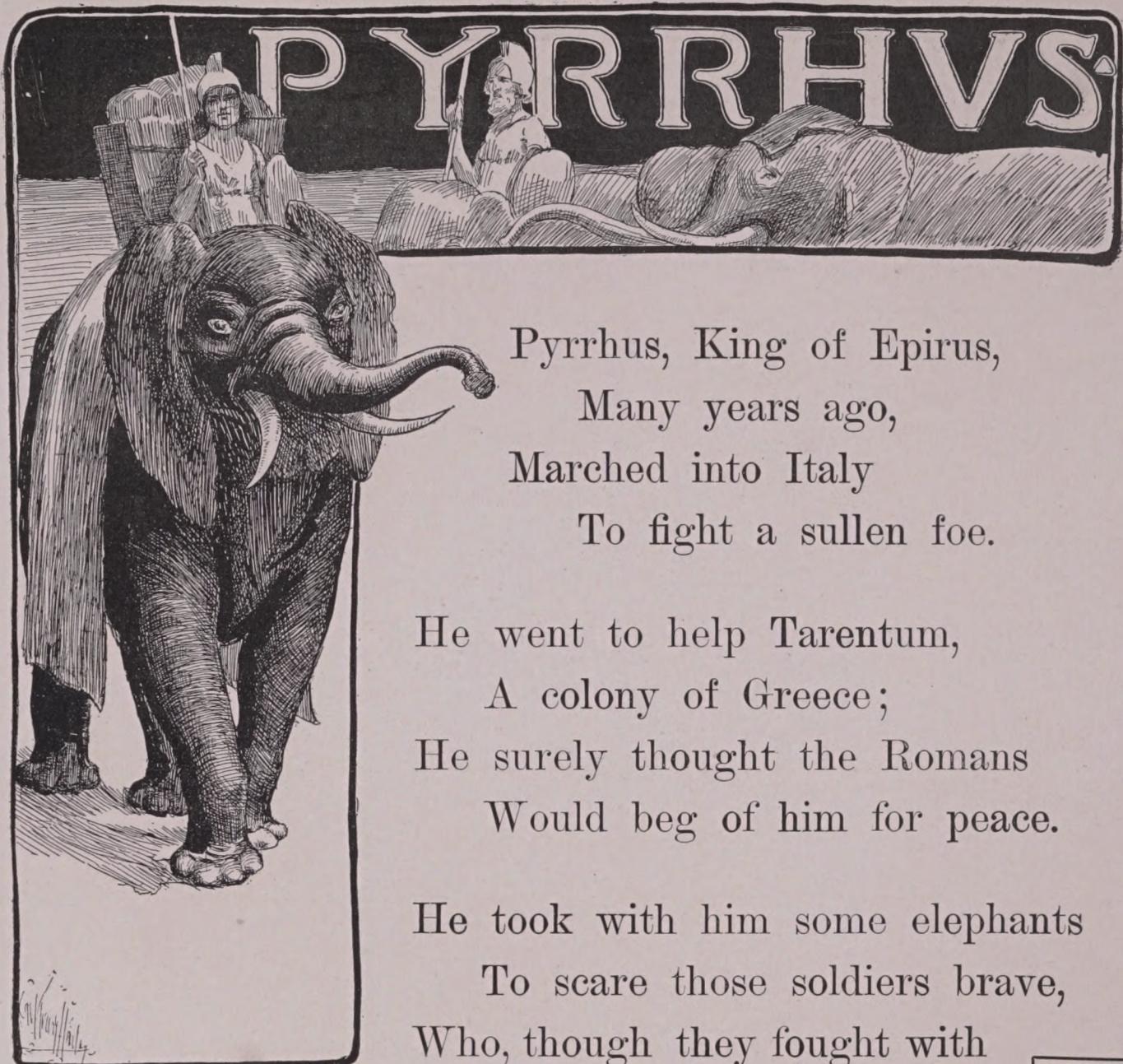
CÆSAR was a man of Rome
Who longed to rule the nation.
He formed a league, and fought the world;
In short, he licked creation.

[Lived 100-44 B.C.]

What Caesar Said

WHEN mighty Julius went to war,
He sent a message home,
To tell how he was getting on
To anxious folks in Rome.

He did not send a message long
Of words in grand array;
“I came, I saw, I conquered!”
Was all he had to say.



Pyrrhus, King of Epirus,
Many years ago,
Marched into Italy
To fight a sullen foe.

He went to help Tarentum,
A colony of Greece;
He surely thought the Romans
Would beg of him for peace.

He took with him some elephants
To scare those soldiers brave,
Who, though they fought with
all their might,
Their country could not save;

Because, you know, they ne'er had seen
Such mighty beasts before;
And so they were so frightened
That they could fight no more.

Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, and kinsman of Alexander the Great, was one of the greatest generals of antiquity. In 280 B.C., he invaded Italy with a great army designed to assist the Italian Greeks against Rome, and won the battles of Heracleia and Asculum. He was however defeated by the Romans, in turn, at Beneventum. He lived 318-272 B.C.

Mason and Dixon's Line

How often have I heard
The orators so fine,
In stern debate,
Most fiercely prate
Of Mason and Dixon's line.
And when they loudly thundered,
How often have I wondered,
What was this famous line.

At last I started out to see ;
What think you that I found ?
'Twas nothing but a row of stones
Just set up on the ground.
And all this wild and noisy talk,
And all this fuss and bother,
Meant Pennsylvania on one side
And Maryland on the other.

But still these blatant orators
Went shouting round the land,
And said that on this famous line
Our fathers took their stand ;
And we'd not yield a single inch
Of what our fathers planned.

O, how their talk did puzzle me,
It seemed as if they meant
That this dividing, simple line
Went straight across the continent.
They said it stretched out toward the west,
The Rocky Mountains crossed,
And if we yielded up our rights
Our liberties were lost.
So then I studied it some more
And now I plainly see,
South of this line was slavery's home,
But north all men were free.

Now to our Heavenly Father
Our grateful thanks we raise,
That all this talk is over,
For, in these happier days,
No need of such dispute have we,—
Both north and south, all men are free !

General Marion's Dinner Party

COME here, my dear, and listen well,
While I a story true shall tell,
About a party held one day
Within a cypress forest gray.

A British officer had come
Far from the sound of gun and drum,
With General Marion to plan
Exchange of prisoners, man for man.

The day wore on—'twas time to dine,
And Marion, with manner fine,
His foe to be his guest invited,
And caused the camp-fire to be lighted.

The officer gave quick assent,
But all about his eyes he bent,
And not a thing to eat could see;
But still he waited patiently.

In time, a servant brought a pair
Of sweet potatoes, baked with care.
Upon a log he placed them then,
And to their dinner called the men.

The Briton's heart, when he returned,
With generous admiration burned.
He said: "'Tis vain to take the field,—
Such men as these will never yield."

[1781.]

Who Was He?

THERE was a boy whom people say
Had never told a lie.
He once cut down a cherry-tree,
And made his papa sigh.

"Who cut this tree?" his father ask'd.
"I did," was his reply.
Now, tell me who this hero was,
Who would not tell a lie.

[Lived Feb. 22, 1732—Dec. 14, 1799.]

Who Said It?

WHO said: "Sink or swim,
Survive or perish, live or die,
My heart, my hand,

To this great cause give I!"
And can you tell
The reason why?

[Lived 1735-1826.]

Cincinnatus

This is the noble Roman Lord
The man who left the plow,
To drive away the savage horde
Who swept the land with fire and sword.
Their mighty force right soon he broke,

He placed them all beneath the yoke,
And made them to the Romans bow.
His work well done, with noble pride,
His conquering sword he laid aside,
And then went back to plow.

Cincinnatus, the hero of an early Roman legend, born about 519 B.C., was distinguished for the simplicity and austerity of his manners. He was consul in 460 B.C., and is the type of the patrician agriculturist; he was twice called from the plow to the dictatorship of Rome.



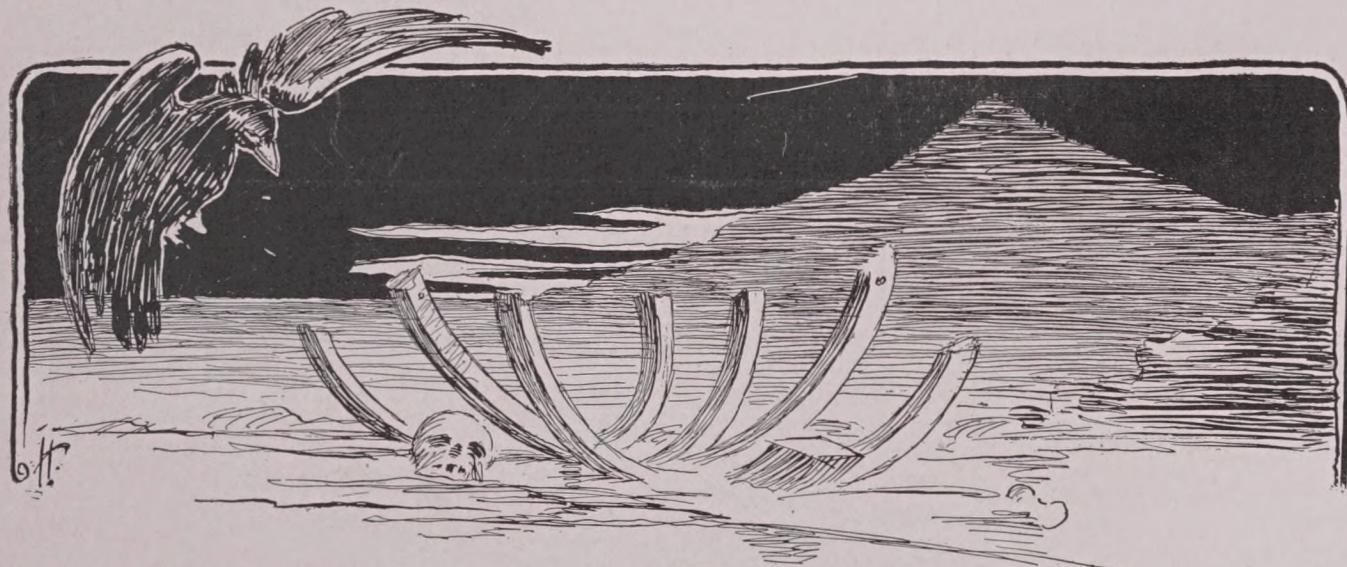
Mardonius

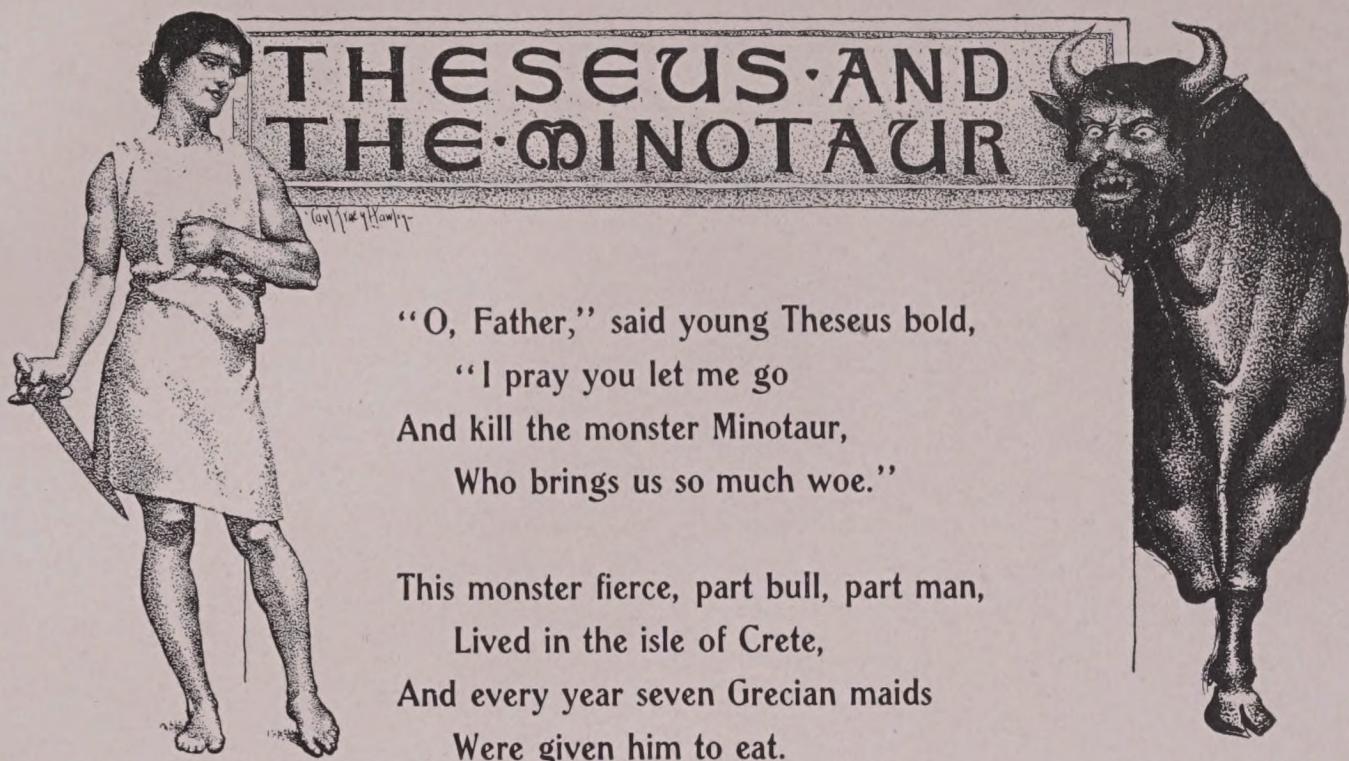


Where, O where, is Mardonius' navy?
Safe in the ocean deep,
Wrecked, O wrecked, off high Mount Athos,
There it's left to sleep.

Where, O where, is Mardonius' army?
Dead in the land of Thrace,
All destroyed by savage natives,
Of it there's not a trace.

[Mardonius was a Persian General, killed at the battle of Plataea, 479 B.C., during the Persian invasion of Greece.]





“O, Father,” said young Theseus bold,
 “I pray you let me go
 And kill the monster Minotaur,
 Who brings us so much woe.”

This monster fierce, part bull, part man,
 Lived in the isle of Crete,
 And every year seven Grecian maids
 Were given him to eat.

And also seven noble youths
 Were sent him to devour.
 “O, let me go,” young Theseus said,
 “To kill this Minotaur.”

At length his father gave consent,
 And so he sailed away,
 But told his father ere he went,
 That if he gained the day,

He'd change the sails upon his boat,
 Which now were solemn black,
 And put up white ones in their place,
 Before he started back.

He killed the beast, you may be sure,
 And set out gaily home.
 His Father watched upon a rock
 Above the sea's white foam.

But happy Theseus quite forgot
 To change his sails of black ;
 His Father saw, from off the cliff,
 The vessel sailing back.

And when he saw those solemn sails,
 That spoke to him of woe,
 He from the cliff fell headlong down
 Into the sea below.

— Legendary.

Theseus, the legendary hero of Attica, was the son of Aegeus, King of Athens. In his lifetime he had many wonderful adventures and performed many marvelous exploits. In this respect he ranks next to Hercules, for he captured the Marathonian bull, slew the Minotaur, waged war against the Amazons, was one of the Argonauts, and took part against the Centaurs.

Battle of Tours

“**W**HAT was the battle of Tours, pa?
Wasn’t it fought in France?
Weren’t the people filled with awe
When sword clashed with the
lance?”

“Ah, my son, ’tis an awful tale;
How Christian and Arab met
To battle like a furious gale
Till blood the ground did wet.

“They fiercely fought for seven days
With thousands of warriors slain;
The Moslems fled in various ways
And never came back again.

“This, my boy, was a victory
For the Christian faith so pure;
It changed the whole world’s history
And made it Christian sure.”

[732 A.D.]

Charlemagne

CHARLES the Great was a Frankish
king,
Who always did his best;
He made an empire with his sword
And ruled it in the West.

He helped the Pope extend the
church,
And founded schools to mate;
So all the world rewarded him
By calling him the Great.

[Lived 744-814.]

Lewis the Pious

KING Lewis the Pious
Often will try us,
Because he had no backbone;
He fumed and sputtered,
Grumbled and muttered,
But never would act alone.

[Reigned 814-40.]

Genghis Khan

GENGHIS KHAN was a terrible man,
The whole of China he overran,
The Mongol Empire he began
And conquered all of Turkestan,
This wicked, heartless, cruel man,
This horrible, terrible Genghis Khan.

[1203-27.]



Richard I



KING RICHARD of the lion-heart,
He was a gallant knight;
He went into the Holy Land,
The Moslem host to fight.

Brave Richard of the lion-heart
He started home at last;
The Austrians seized and shut him up
Within a prison fast.

Poor Richard of the lion-heart
Within that prison pined;
His minstrel, wandering through the land,
His master tried to find.

He sang beneath the prison wall,
King Richard knew his voice;
And when he heard that English song
It made his heart rejoice.

King Richard of the lion-heart
To England came again;
His brother John upon his throne
Reigned o'er his English men.

King Richard of the lion-heart
That wicked brother spared,
But ruled himself his English land;
A throne cannot be shared.

[*Richard I, King of England (1189-99) was surnamed the Lion-Heart (Cœur de Leon). With Philip II of France, he led the third crusade to the Holy Land and defeated the Saracens and signed a truce with Saladin and left Palestine. He was taken prisoner in Austria on the way back to England, but was afterward ransomed. While besieging Chaluz, he was mortally wounded by an arrow.*]

Florence Nightingale

THERE once was a sweet English maid,
Whose life great goodness displayed,
As a kind, gentle nurse,
She lightened war's curse;
To the wounded and sick she gave aid.

[Born 1820.]

James I

KING JAMES the First
Must have been to school,
For the people called him
Just a learnéd fool.

[Reigned 1603-25.]

[*James I of England, son of Lord Darnley and Mary, Queen of Scots, was a learned man but a pedant.*]





Sitting Bull

There was an old Indian, named
Sitting Bull,
Whose mind with wickedness
was full;
The white men he fought,
Their
scalp-locks
he sought,
This wicked old
Sitting Bull.

[1837-90]

Battle of Tippecanoe

The cruel Indians slyly crept
To where the white men lay,
And thought to kill them as they
slept,
Before the break of day.

But Harrison's men rose up and
fought,

And beat them soundly, too,
And drove them back across the
marsh,
In the battle of Tippecanoe.
Of Tippecanoe, of Tippecanoe,
The brave white men
Beat the Indians then,
In the battle of Tippecanoe.

[The battle of Tippecanoe, fought in Indiana Nov. 7, 1811, by the Americans under General Wm. Henry Harrison over the Indians under "the Prophet," brother of Tecumseh. Harrison, who was afterward ninth President of the United States, was at this time governor of Indiana Territory. The Indians at the period were disaffected, in consequence of being asked to give up their lands in return for gifts and other compensations, and on the Western frontier menaced white settlers. The Shawnee chief, Tecumseh, aided his brother in his resistance to the whites, and was an active ally of Britain in the ensuing War of 1812.]

The Grand Monarch

There lived one time in bonny France
King Louis of renown,
The fourteenth of that famous name
Who then had worn the crown.

His people thought him very great,
He was the "Monarch Grand,"
Though how that name applied to him,
I cannot understand.

When he dressed him in the morning,
A crowd assembled there,
To see him wash his kingly face
And comb his royal hair.

And when he shaved his regal beard,
Or splendid clothes did don,
Or stopped to trim his tender nails,
A gaping crowd looked on.

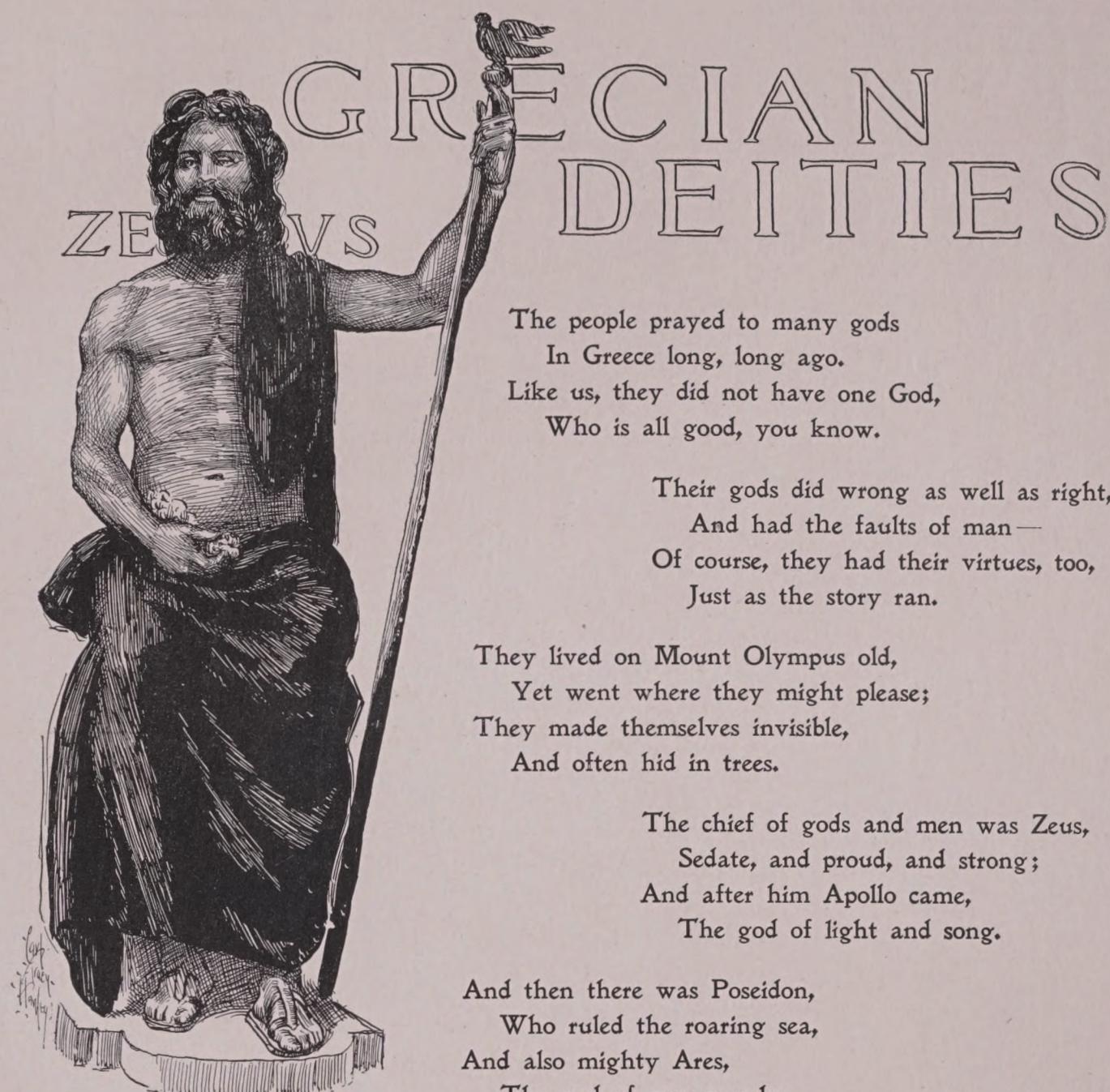
And when he kneeled beside his bed
To say his nightly prayer,
The crowd in solemn silence stood
And gazed with reverent stare.

When he around the garden walked
A crowd was at his heels,
And all the people of the court
Beheld him at his meals.

His very medicines he took
In grand and solemn state,
With those poor idiots looking on,
Who thought their king so great.

But why so great, O, who can tell?
And who can understand,
Why one small, selfish, fussy man
Was called the "monarch grand?"

[Louis XIV., of France,
reigned 1643-1715.]



The people prayed to many gods
In Greece long, long ago.
Like us, they did not have one God,
Who is all good, you know.

Their gods did wrong as well as right,
And had the faults of man—
Of course, they had their virtues, too,
Just as the story ran.

They lived on Mount Olympus old,
Yet went where they might please;
They made themselves invisible,
And often hid in trees.

The chief of gods and men was Zeus,
Sedate, and proud, and strong;
And after him Apollo came,
The god of light and song.

And then there was Poseidon,
Who ruled the roaring sea,
And also mighty Ares,
The god of war was he.

Then there was lame Hephaestus,
Who was the god of fire;
Hermes was the messenger,
Whose feet did never tire.

Goddess of love and beauty
Was Aphrodite dear;
And Artemis was of the chase,
And hunted all the year.

Hera was queen of heaven,
And proud as proud could be;
Athena, queen of wisdom,
Knew everything, you see.

And then we find Demeter,
Mother of earth and grain;
And last of all was Hestia,
Who o'er the earth did reign.

Storming of the Bastille

IN rags and in jags,
In tatters and tags,
A mad mob through Paris is pouring;
With yells and with bawls,
And fiercest wild-calls,
Their voices rise into a roaring.

There were men and their wives,
With pistols and knives,
Their clothes with mud all bedraggled;
And children forlorn,
All tattered and torn,
Behind this wild company straggled.

O, what does it mean,
This fearful wild scene;
O, what can these people be doing?
Sure the nobles of France
Will lead a sad dance
When such mischief as this is seen brewing.

By the city's northern gate,
With its moat and towers eight,
Stood a prison strong and roomy;
And many poor men
Their lives ended when
They entered this prison so gloomy.

To storm this Bastille,
With its walls strong as steel,
And let all its prisoners out;
To tear down the gate,
And its strong towers eight
Is what this mad mob is about.

And did they succeed?
The tale you may read
In pages of blood and of tears,
How fell the Bastille
And kingdoms did real,
The fruit of tyrannical years.

[July 14, 1789.]



Daniel Boone



LONG years ago there lived a man,
A hunter bold,
I have been told,
Whose greatest hope and constant plan
Was in the forest vast to stay.

He built a cabin in the wood
Where naught was heard
But forest bird;
And with his gun and dagger good
He kept the Indians wild at bay.

[Lived 1735-1820.]

George the Third

GEORGE the Third
A rumpus stirred
In his American States,
By his tax,
Without relax,
As history relates.

This caused a war,
And only for
The stubborn whim of a king.
Blood was spilt;
So all the guilt
Upon his head we fling.

Colonies
Thirteen he frees,
This lord of all creation.
After the fight, they unite
To form a mighty nation.

[Reigned 1760-1820.]

Sir Isaac Newton

ONCE a boy lay on his back
In an orchard fair,
Gazing at an apple-tree
And the apple hanging there.

Suddenly to earth it fell,
The fruit so hard and round;
But the boy deep thought revolved
As he lay there on the ground.

“What law,” he asked, “controls this fruit
That falls to earth so straight?
There must be some controlling force
Of matter and of weight.”

He studied o'er the subject long
While years flew swiftly by;
And many skilful tools he made,
Experiments to try.

At last he studied out the law
Which governs all creation;
The force that rules the universe,—
The law of gravitation.

[Lived 1642-1727.]



WITCH'S

The men of New England, so stern and so grave,

Brought many an innocent soul to his grave;

The young and the old, the low and the high,

Were often called witches and then had to die.

If a person was ill or an evil wind blew,

'Twas done by a witch that every one knew;

If a cow broke her leg or a horse wouldn't go,

Or a man had the gout, or a corn on his toe,

Or a babe should take cold, or an old woman sneeze,

In fact, whatever misfortune you please

That happened to any one in that sad day
Some unhappy mortal his life had to pay.

[In Salem, Mass. in 1691-1692, witchcraft delusion prevailed extensively when New England was being settled by John Endicott.]



William Tell

In Switzerland
Where every hand
Was taught the bow to use,
Lord Gessler said
That every head
Must bow, instead
Of being dead,
And none would he excuse.

Don't you think well
Of William Tell
A man so brave and bold?
It pleases me
To know that he
Bowed not the knee
To make him free
In those fierce days of old.



The wicked Lord
Then drew his sword
And called for Tell's small boy;
"From off his head
You shoot," he said,
"This apple red,
Or both are dead."
And then looked on with joy.

The father shot
And hit the spot
And saved his young son's life;
Another dart
He took apart,
And shot the heart
Of that upstart
And ended thus the strife.

William Tell was one of the legendary heroes of Switzerland in the struggle of the Cantons for independence, about the year 1273. The story is that Tell refused to salute the cap which the Austrian Governor Gessler had hung up in the market-place of Altdorf as a symbol of Austrian sovereignty. As punishment for his contumacy, Tell was ordered to place an apple on the head of his little son and shoot it off. He did so, though it is related that Tell had another arrow in his quiver, with which, had he missed his aim and killed his son, he intended to shoot the governor.

Of course, 'tis said,
And often read,
That this is not a fact;
'Twixt me and you
This tale will do,
And help us too,
If not quite true,
And make us better act.



Frederick Barbarosa

Poor old Frederick Redbeard
Of Germany king was made;
St. Bernard the monk he feared
And went on a crusade.

O'er mountain, river, and lake,
To the Holy Land went he,
From the cruel Turk to take
Christ's home and make it free.

But, alas, for poor Redbeard!
His body was never found;
His men were ambushed and speared,
And he himself was drowned.

Do you know, the Germans say,
That to the present hour
This king is hidden away
Within a mountain tower?

Every hundred years he goes
On the Fatherland to peep;
If he sees it full of woes,
Back he turns to sleep.

When Germany shall unite
And live content once more,
Then Frederick will with might
The State rule as before.

Frederick I., surnamed Barbarosa, Emperor of Germany, lived between the years 1121 and 1190. His reign was chiefly occupied by wars against the turbulent German nobility and by expeditions to Italy. Tradition relates that he sits half-asleep in a cavern near Salzburg, with a long beard, waiting to reappear in his kingdom, when the bad world has reached its worst.



The Cats' Tale

ONCE in Egypt long ago
People worshipped cats,
And so that land was always free
From pests of mice and rats.

But O! those cats, they were a plague,
No greater could be found;
No matter what their keeping cost
No kittens could be drowned.

These foolish folks once went to war,
To fight a Persian host,
And just because they worshipped cats,
That famous battle lost.

For when they stood in grand array,
All ready for the fight,
And thought to rush upon the foe,
They saw a fearful sight;

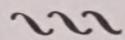
For every soldier had a cat
Tied on his breast or shield,
And so these worshippers of cats
Dared not their weapons wield.

They fled the field in sore dismay
And let the Persians win,
Because they thought to kill a cat
Would be a deadly sin.

— Legendary.



Battle of Lookout Mountain

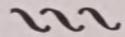


On the crest of Lookout Mountain,
In the early autumn light,
Stood a vast Confederate army,
Ready for the coming fight.

Over them a thick fog settled,
Covering all the vale below;
Hiding from their sight the hillside,
And the marching of the foe.

Then the Union host pressed forward,
Took the rifle-pits by storm,
Charging, struggling, up the mountain,
In a fierce, resistless swarm.

Till they reached the cloud-capped summit,
Of that mountain steep and bare,
And the banner of the Union
Floated in the evening air.



[The battle of Lookout Mountain, or as it is sometimes spoken of as "the battle above the clouds," was fought Nov. 24, 1863. With the battle of Missionary Ridge, it formed part of the fighting around Chattanooga, where General Grant gained a victory over the Confederates under General Bragg, in the War for the Union. The scene of the strife was the region round Chattanooga, Tennessee, close to the boundary line between the latter and Georgia and Alabama.]

The Mexican War

THERE was a war in forty-six
Brought on by troubles in politics:
The Americans crossed the Rio Grande,
And drove the Mexicans out of that land,
In this jolly old war of forty-six.

Old Santa Anna was driven to fight,
Alas for this unlucky night!
He ran as a man could
With one leg of wood,
And lost in every fight.

There was a big man, called General Scott,
For the Mexicans he made it quite hot:
His clothes in all weathers
They called "fuss and feathers,"
This doughty old General Scott.

There was a general, named Taylor,
As tough and as brave as a sailor;
They called him "rough and ready,"
And they found him true and steady,
This brave old General Taylor.

Old "Rough and Ready" won every battle
And made the shot and cannon rattle;
He stormed the hill, and took the town,
And made them lay their armor down,
This winner of every battle.

And then this brave old "Rough and Ready,"
Whose heart was true and aim was steady,
To his home in Tennessee he went,
And the people made him President,
This valiant old "Rough and Ready."

There were some men in Boston town
Who looked on this war with serious frown;
They said it was a wicked cause
And added strength to slavery's laws,
These honest old men in Boston town.

Now what do you think yourself of this war,
And what do you think they fought it for?
Do you think it wrong, or do you think it right,
For the sake of more land your neighbors to fight?

O, what do you think of the Mexican war? [April 1846-Sept. 1847.]

American Discoveries

IN the year one thousand and one
Lief Ericson's journey was begun.
In fourteen hundred and ninety-two
Columbus crossed the ocean blue.
In the year fifteen hundred and ten
The Spaniards landed on Darien.
In fifteen hundred and thirteen
The Pacific was by Balboa seen.
In fifteen twelve, it was in sooth,
That De Leon sought the Fount of Youth.
In fifteen hundred and nineteen
Fernando Cortez marched between
The low sea coast and Mexico
Where he was surely bound to go.
In fifteen hundred and forty-one
De Soto, that true Spanish son,

The Mississippi River found
Guided by captives he had bound.
In fifteen hundred thirty-four
Jacques Cartier left the Gallic shore,
And sailing swiftly to the west
He was with prosperous voyage blest ;
He found the isle of Newfoundland,
St. Lawrence gulf, and river grand.
It was in sixteen hundred eight
That one Champlain, a Frenchman great,
Again to this far country came
And saw the lake which bears his name.
It was in sixteen hundred nine
That Hudson found that river fine
With steep walled banks and rushing tide
Whose name with his will e'er abide.

Garfield and Lincoln

NOW boys, I'm sure you've heard it said,
That in this country free,
A boy can be as great a man
As he can rise to be.

Now there was Garfield who, you know,
Became our President,
And Lincoln who, to save his land,
His every power bent.

He was so poor he could not have,
To study by at night,
A lamp or candle, so he used
The flickering fire-light.

He kept a little country-store,
Fought Indians in the West,
Split rails, and always tried to do
In every thing his best.

And on canals James Garfield worked :
He drove a team of mules ;
And then to help himself along,
He taught in country-schools.

So, don't you see, upon yourself
It rests what you can do,
And you'll be thought of with respect
If you are strong and true.

[Garfield 1831-81. Lincoln 1809-65.]

The Erie Canal



ROM Albany to Buffalo

There runs a ditch both long and low;
Its banks are steep, its span not wide,
There creeps a tow-path by its side.

For years had Clinton tried in vain
To make folks see how much they'd gain,
If this canal could opened be
From inland lake to distant sea.

At last he brought about his plan,
The great canal the state to span,
And all the folks, both poor and rich,
Laughed long and loud at "Clinton's ditch."

And now that he had got his way
With joy they celebrate the day;
Along the ditch, five miles apart,
Were cannon placed, the news
to start.

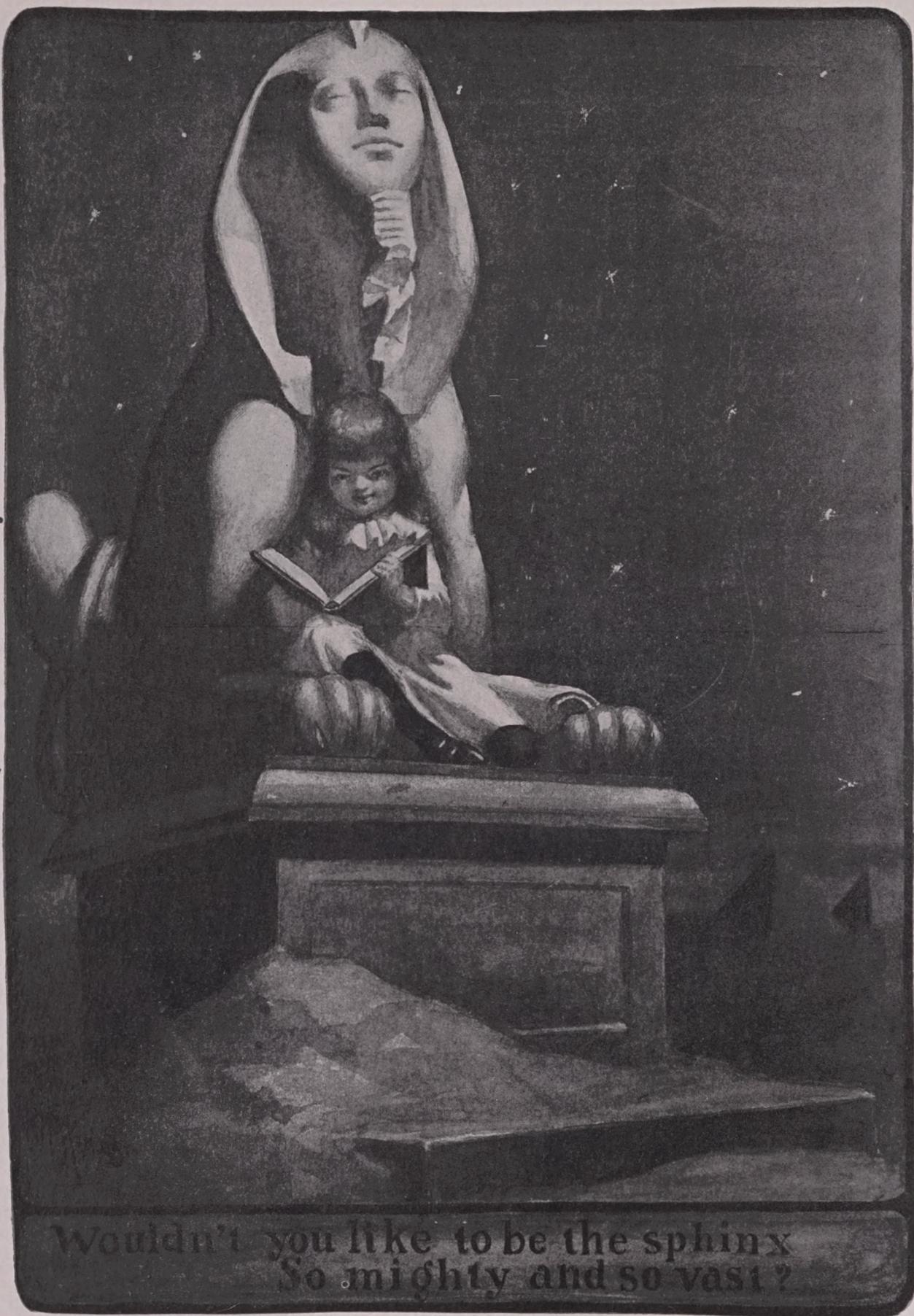
Then water from the western lake
To New York harbor they did take,
And poured it in the briny tide;
The lake was now the ocean's
bride.

Along this quiet inland stream,
By horses drawn, or mules a-team,
There floats more wealth, of garnered grain,
Than ever grew on eastern plain.

The treasures of the mountain mine,
The lordly forest's stately pine,
And wool from many a western fold,
Float down this stream like molten gold.

This enterprise now proven well,
Voices of praise the chorus swell;
No more are heard, from poor or rich,
Their foolish jokes on "Clinton's ditch."

[Opened 1825.]



Wouldn't you like to be the sphinx
So mighty and so vast?

The Egyptian Sphinx

Wouldn't you like to be the Sphinx,
So mighty and so vast?
Wouldn't you like to know what links
Connect him with the past?

Don't you think you would like to hear
All that the Sphinx has heard?
To listen, and listen with drowsy ear,
And never say a word?

The great Sphinx of Gizeh,—a local personification in stone of the Egyptian sun-god—is of mammoth proportions as well as of great antiquity. Except the head and shoulders, the figure has for ages been partially buried in the sands of the desert. It was hewn from the natural rock before the era of Cheops. The body is 140 feet long; the head measures about 30 feet from the top of the forehead to the chin, and is 14 feet wide.

Don't you think he must be weary
Sitting in the self-same place?
And must it not be very dreary
Never to change his face?

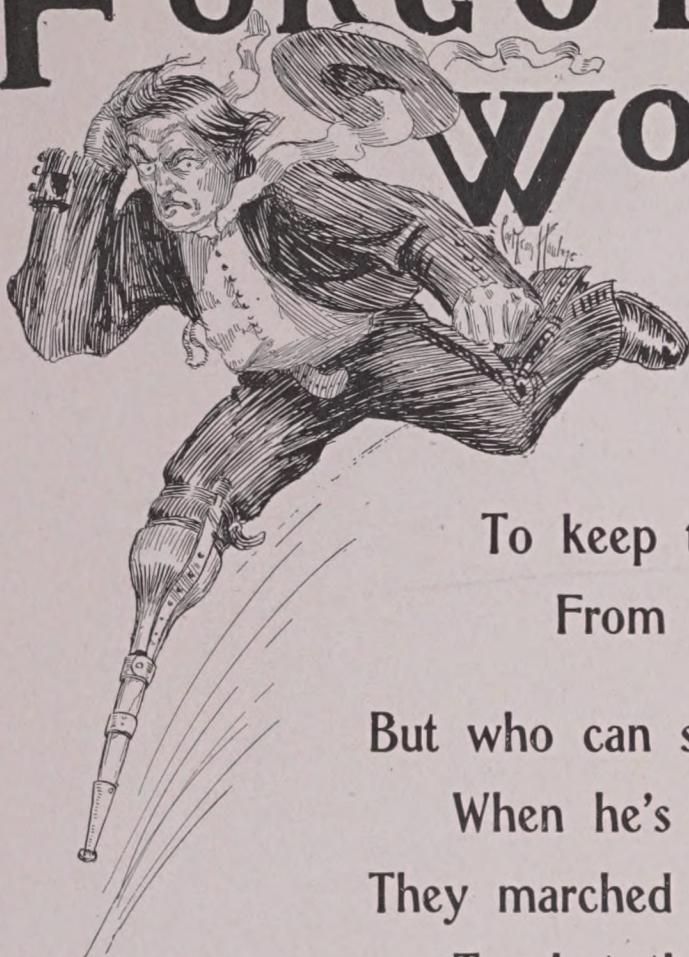
What do you think the Sphinx would do
To blow his big black nose?
And has it ever occurred to you
If he can move his toes?

Doesn't it seem as if his head
Had lost the whole of its hair?
Was it yellow, or black, or red,
Or wasn't there any there?

Wouldn't you like to see him wink
His two big stony eyes?
And if he could chuckle and smile, do you think
That he would look so wise?

Wouldn't it, though, be very good,
And worthy to all to tell,
If only our friends and neighbors could
Keep secrets just as well?

FORGOT HIS WOODEN LEG



IN the pass of Cerro Gordo
The Mexicans took
their stand,

To keep the hated Yankee
From going through the land.

But who can stop a Yankee,
When he's bound to fight and win?
They marched around the other side
To shut the Mexicans in.

O, then they knew they'd have to run
As they before had always done,
Or else for mercy beg;
So off they went in haste so hot,
That Santa Anna quite forgot
His precious wooden leg.

[Santa Anna was a Mexican general who fought for Spain in Mexico against France at Vera Cruz (Dec. 1838), where he lost a leg. He became president of Mexico in 1846, and when war between that State and the United States broke out in that year, owing to troubles in Texas, Santa Anna commanded at the battle of Cerro Gordo (50 miles northwest of Vera Cruz), when General Winfield Scott stormed and carried the Mexican entrenchments (April 18, 1847). Later in the year, the Mexicans surrendered after their capital was taken and Chapultepec was stormed.]

Battle of New Orleans

Come, children, come and leave your play,
Some history you must learn to-day,
So listen to this story;
How General Jackson fought the foe,
In New Orleans so long ago,
And won a name of glory.

His force was small, and some unarmed,
But this brave man was not alarmed,
He trusted valor's worth;
He set his men to work with speed,
To dig some trenches for their need,
And throw up walls of earth.

The British then came marching down,
To storm his works and take the town,
And thought he soon would yield;
They little dreamed so small a force
Could check them in their onward course,
And drive them from the field.

But Jackson's men were fighters free,
The riflemen of Tennessee,
The finest marksmen in the world;
Against such men, whose certain aim
Had never missed the forest game,
In vain their force was hurled.

At first they struggled bravely on,
In spite of shots that mowed them down
And strewed the field with dead;
But when their Gen'rls were killed,
These troops, in Europe's warfare skilled,
In wild confusion fled.

How much was gained on this great day,
Perhaps it would be hard to say,
One sure result is plain;
The Mississippi now is ours,
All claim by any foreign powers
Forever was made vain.

And yet it seems a pity, too,
For see how strange a thing is true,
Which all this bloodshed could have spared;
Two weeks before this great event,
By treaty made and signed at Ghent,
A peace had been declared.

[Jan. 8, 1815.]

Battle of Saratoga

In June of seventeen, seventy-seven
The British essay'd a plan,
Which they had hoped to carry out
Since first the war began.

To march from Canada to New York,
The colonies to divide;
'Twould then be easy work, they thought,
The contest to decide.

An army vast came marching down,
Burgoyne was at their head;
But Washington's men awaited them,
By Gates and Schuyler led.

And poor Burgoyne soon found himself
In sad and sorry plight;
For as the summer wore away,
He lost in every fight.

His Indian allies sneaked away,
His hopes began to wane;
The aid that Clinton promised him
He waited for in vain.

And then a battle fierce was fought
One bright October day,
Which thrilled each patriot heart with joy,
To England brought dismay.

The British troops laid down their arms
On Saratoga field,
And all the world now saw that we
Our cause need never yield.

O, Saratoga, glorious day!
The tide of battle turned,
And France now offered us her aid
When she that vict'ry learned.

[Oct. 17, 1777.]



Captain Cook



CAPTAIN COOK, took a very bad crew
To sail around the earth;
The wild waves roared, the fierce winds blew,
But he looked on with mirth.

Then Captain Cook told his gallant men
That they would all be kings,
When they got back to their homes again
With a very rich load of things.

So far away they sailed to the west,
Across the deep blue sea,
Around Cape Horn, and were on the
breast
Of Pacific's azure sea.

Onward they went amidst strange scenes,
And also peoples rude,
Until they came to the Philippines,
Where they landed for some food.

There Captain Cook was cooked by the
cook,
His bones on the shore were bleached;
His crew then their departure took,
And soon their homes they reached.

[Lived 1728-79.]

Storming of Stony Point

“**W**E MUST have Stony Point,” said
Washington,
“It surely will never do
To let the British keep this fort,
So near to West Point, too.”

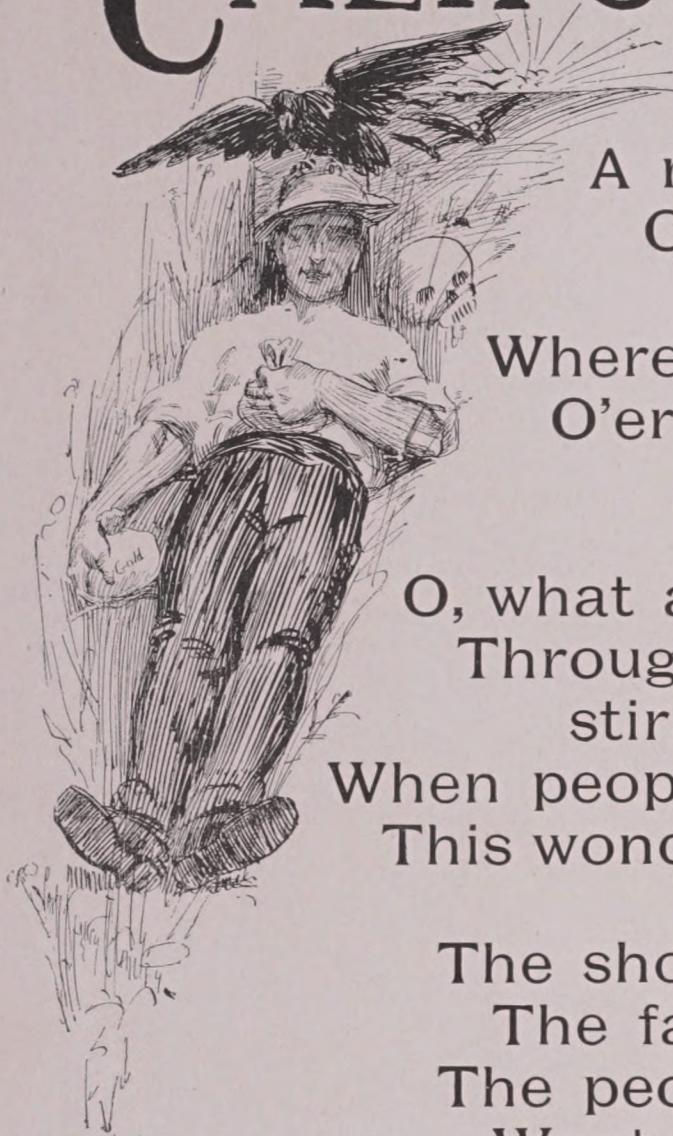
But where is the man, with fire and dash,
This post for me to gain,
“I know,” said General Washington,
“I'll send Mad Anthony Wayne.”

So Anthony Wayne, with his trusty
men,
Crept softly up the hill,
And reached the fort of Stony Point,
Through the night all dark and still.

Then onward they rushed with bayonets set,
Heedless of shot and shell,
And the fort was ours, for Anthony Wayne
Had done his work nobly and well.

[July 16, 1779.]

CALIFORNIA GOLD



A man in California
Once found some bits
of gold,
Where the Sacramento River
O'er its shining sand-bed
rolled.

O, what a wild commotion,
Through all the country
stirred,
When people in the other States
This wondrous news had heard.

The shops were left,
The farms were sold,
The people all
Went wild for gold.

For gold, for gold,
For glittering gold,
How many a tale of sorrow told
Was caused by this mad rush for gold!

[California had at first only a sparse settlement, on the coast, of Spanish missionaries. Up to the year 1822, it formed part of the Mexican State. In 1847, it was occupied by American troops and the Mexican forces were driven from the country. In 1850, the territory was admitted as a State into the Union. Two years previous to this, gold was discovered in Coloma township, El Dorado county, and about 250,000 gold-seekers were drawn to the region. Since then the State has developed greatly and become a great fruit-producing area, with a population to-day of 1,500,000.]

The Conquest of Mexico



CORTEZ was a Spaniard so bold,
Who came to the New World for gold;
With a few chosen men,
He started out then,
To invade Mexico, I've been told.

The War Chief he drove from his throne,
And ruled there as if 'twere his own,
Till the natives one day
They drove him away,
For his bad deeds to make him atone.

Soon with more men he came once again,
And the Mexicans fought him in vain;
With tears sad to see,
They were all forced to flee,
And scores of their comrades were slain. [1519-21.]

De Soto

DE SOTO in the days of old,
Went through the land in search of gold;
No gold he found, but hardships great,
Were this unhappy Spaniard's fate;
On Mississippi's shore he died,
They buried him beneath its tide. [1542.]

William Penn

ONCE there was a Quaker good, whose name was William Penn;
He thought it was a sin to kill his fellow-men.
The Indians he never fought,
But lands from them he always bought,
And so it was they loved good William Penn. [1681.]

Battle of the Little Big Horn



WITH Custer's men upon the plains,
The Indians fought for many a day,
They'd skulk around the white man's camp,
Then fire, and run away.

Then to the saddle sprang the men
When "Boots and Saddles" played,
For "Boots and Saddles" was the tune
That led the white men's raid.

Then far and fast, o'er hill and plain,
The frightened Indians fled ;
When "Boots and Saddles" loudly played
And gallant Custer led.

There came a day when Custer's men,
In Indian ambush fell ;
Then played no more the jolly tune
They knew and loved so well.

[June 25, 1876.]

Two Alexanders

IN DAYS of old, in eastern climes,
There was a great com-
mander,
The ablest warrior of his times,
Whose name was Alexander.

They say he conquered all the world,
Then down he sat and cried,
Because this planet was too small
To satisfy his pride.

[Reigned 356-323 B.C.]

In modern days and western climes,
An Alexander too we find,
Whose work and hopes and highest
aims
Were of a different kind.

A patriot true, a statesman wise,
In all things a commander,
This was our noble Hamilton,
The western Alexander.

[Lived 1757-1804.]

Hanging Together

WHEN that great paper had been signed
In which we did declare
That we with England would no more
Her name or burden share,
That witty Mister Franklin,
The jolliest of the gang,
Said, "Now we must hang together
Or by ourselves we'll hang." [July 4, 1776.]

Crossing the Delaware

GEORGE WASHINGTON one stormy night
Crossed the river and had a fight:
His enemies were at a ball
And didn't think he'd come at all.

He took one thousand prisoners then,
And only lost two of his men.
The courage of the people rose
To crush and conquer all their foes. [Dec. 25, 1776.]

Battle of Bennington

AGAINST the town of Bennington
The redcoats marched one day
To get the powder and the guns
That there were stored away.

But Colonel Stark, he came there, too,
Prepared to keep those guns;
His men were few, but tried and true,
New Hampshire's valiant sons.
Said he, "My boys, we'll win this fight
Or Molly Stark's a widow to-night." [Aug. 16, 1777.]



Diogenes

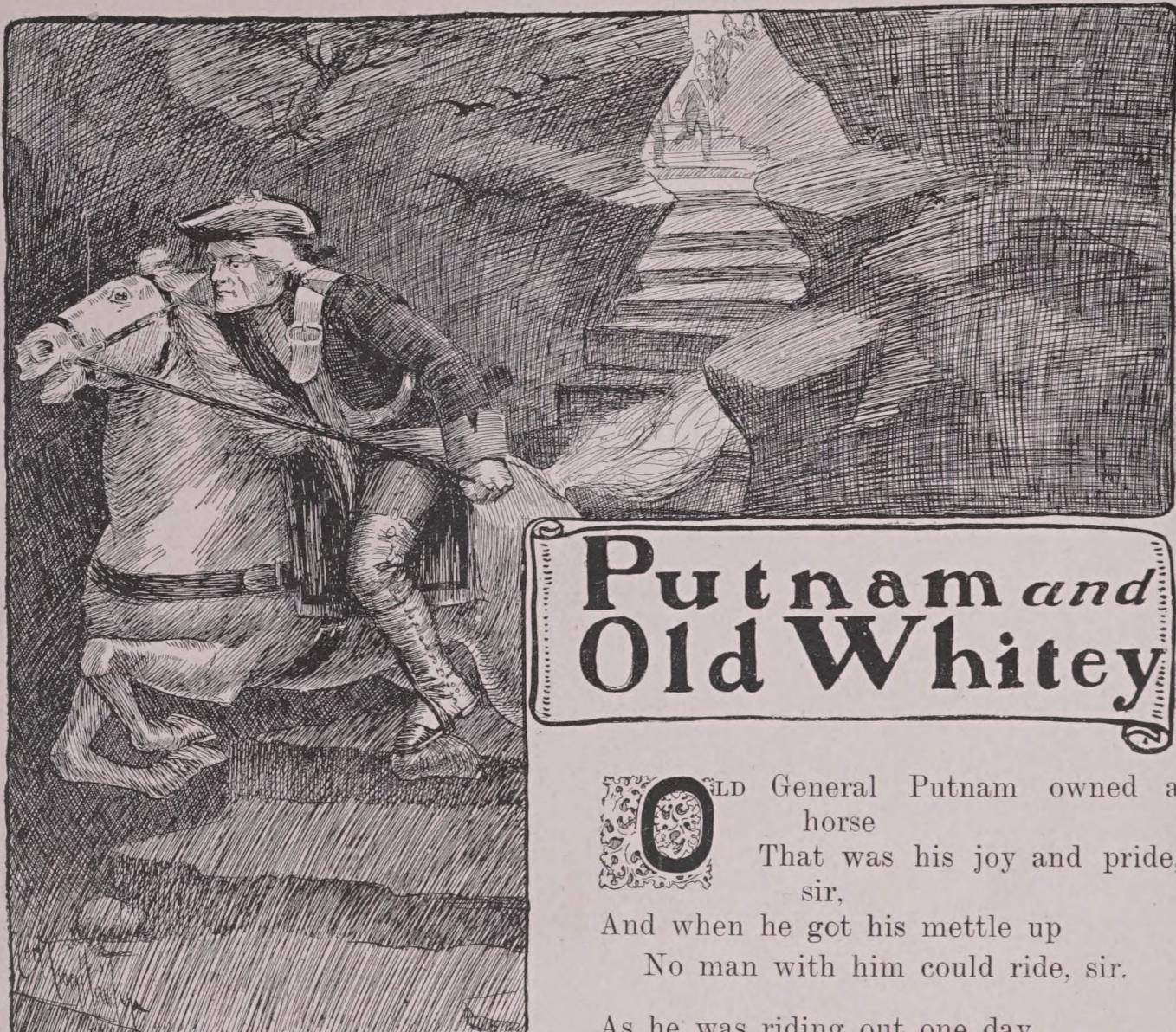
In the streets of old Athens,
In the noon's very height,
Diogenes once walked abroad
With a lantern bright.

The people crowded round him,
The children asked to know :
Why in the day a light he bore,
Swinging to and fro.

“I’m looking,” said Diogenes,
As he the crowd did scan,
“I’m looking all around me
To find an honest man.”

[Diogenes, a Greek philosopher, famed for his eccentricities, lived from 412-323 B.C.]

Rub-a-dub-dub !
A man in a tub,
Who do you think it can be ?
Diogenes funny,
A man without money,
Yes, this is the man I see.



Putnam and Old Whitey

OLD General Putnam owned a horse
That was his joy and pride,
sir,

And when he got his mettle up
No man with him could ride, sir.

As he was riding out one day
He saw the British coming,
He struck his spurs into the horse,
And sent old Whitey humming.

He rode as hard as he could ride,
The British followed faster,
And soon they thought that they would
catch
Old Whitey and his master.

Then Putnam rode straight toward a cliff
That seemed to stop the way, sir,
But when he dashed down out of sight
The foe stopped in dismay, sir.

For down a hundred steps of stone
Old Whitey flew with speed, sir,
The British gasped and looked aghast,
But followed no such lead, sir.

The Capture of Quebec

ON THE broad St. Lawrence River,
High above its flowing tide,
Stood Quebec, the strong-walled city,
In its strength, the Frenchman's pride.

Here Montcalm, the French commander,
With his French and Indian band,
Guarded by the steep-banked river,
Made for France a final stand.

But the gallant English general
Had no thought that town to spare,
Looking down in proud defiance
On the river flowing fair.

So by night he led his army
Up the steep and rocky way,
And the plain behind the city
They had gained by break of day.

Then each bold and gallant leader
Led his army to the fight,
And the allied French and Indians
Soon were put to headlong flight.

There the noble French Commander
Gladly laid his sad life down,
Saying he could live no longer
Since he'd lost that guarded town.

And young Wolfe, the English General
Being told, "The Frenchmen fly,"
Knew he'd saved his country's honor
And he, too, could gladly die.

[Sept. 13, 1759.]

The Capture of Ticonderoga

ETHAN ALLEN went to seize
A fortress by a lake;
And just a little band of men
To help him did he take.

He marched up to the fortress door,
"Surrender," he commanded;
The frightened General gasped and then
His sword to Allen handed.

[May 10, 1775.]

Nelson's Blind Eye

THERE was a sturdy Englishman
And he was wond'rous wise;
His name was Nelson, and, sad fate,
He lost one of his eyes.

There is no loss without some gain :
Now listen while I tell
How Nelson with his one blind eye
Still served his country well.

The fleet lay off the Danish coast,
That was quite strongly guarded,
With batteries and battle-ships —
'Twas time it was bombarded.

But Nelson till that fight was won,
Did not intend to flee,
So toward the ship his blind eye turned —
The sign he could not see.

[The battle of Copenhagen was fought April 2, 1801.]

So cautious was the Admiral
He did not dare to fight ;
And Nelson with his timid ways
Had grown impatient quite.

So Nelson begged to take twelve ships :
He feared not man nor gun.
He sailed up to the Danish fleet ;
The fight was then begun.

The fearful Admiral looking on
Did greatly courage lack,
And so he signaled from his ship
For Nelson to come back.

Battle of Trafalgar

AT TRAFALGAR the English met
The French ships and the Span-
ish, too ;
'Twas there that gallant Nelson said
That each man should his duty do.

Right nobly then the English fought
And each man did his duty well,
But dearly was the victory bought,
For gallant Nelson fell.

[Oct. 21, 1805.]

Hide and Seek



ONCE a game of hide and seek
Was played upon the ocean wide,
'Twas when the French and Spanish ships
From Nelson tried to hide.

'Twas in the great Napoleon's day,
When French and English were at war,
And Nap thought he would play a game
Upon the British tar.

So out among the western isles
The allied fleet he sent ;
Knowing that Nelson with his ships
Would follow where they went.

But Nelson shrewdly guessed the trick
When he no foes could track,
And turning east his ships again
Came swiftly sailing back.

He met the foe at Trafalgar,
And there that victory gained,
Which swept the Frenchmen from the sea,
And England's power maintained.

They say that there is nothing new,
That History itself repeats ;
Again this game of hide and seek
Was played by Spanish fleets.

In Santiago's harbor deep,
Cervera hid away ;
But Schley and Sampson tracked him there,
And waited for their prey.

Once more the players of this game,
Found hiding was in vain ;
A naval battle then was fought
That broke the power of Spain.

[1805, 1898.]

Frederick the Great



IN THE little Prussian state,
Many long years ago,
Lived King Frederick the Great
Whom you all ought to know.

Brutal tyrant, very rough,
Was his father, the king,
Who, to make his son quite tough,
Oft did a cruel thing.

Warrior great and bold was he,
Fighting, for his nation,
Austria, France, and Saxony—
Nearly all creation.

He made of little Prussia
A state that could withstand
Even powerful Russia,
Or any other land.

This a step was to unite
All smaller German states
Into the German Empire bright,
With many noble traits.

[Ruled 1740-86.]

Roman Geese

THE Gauls once came to Rome
To seize and sack the town;
The Roman soldiers fought
them well,
But could not beat them down.

The Romans from the citadel
Looked down in trembling fright,
Because they were not strong
enough
These enemies to fight.

One night the Roman soldiers
Were tired and fell asleep;
The cunning Gaul crept softly up
The sides that were so steep.

Some geese within the citadel
Began to cackle then,
And woke the sleeping soldiers:—
The geese had saved the men!

[390 B.C.]



NAPOLEON

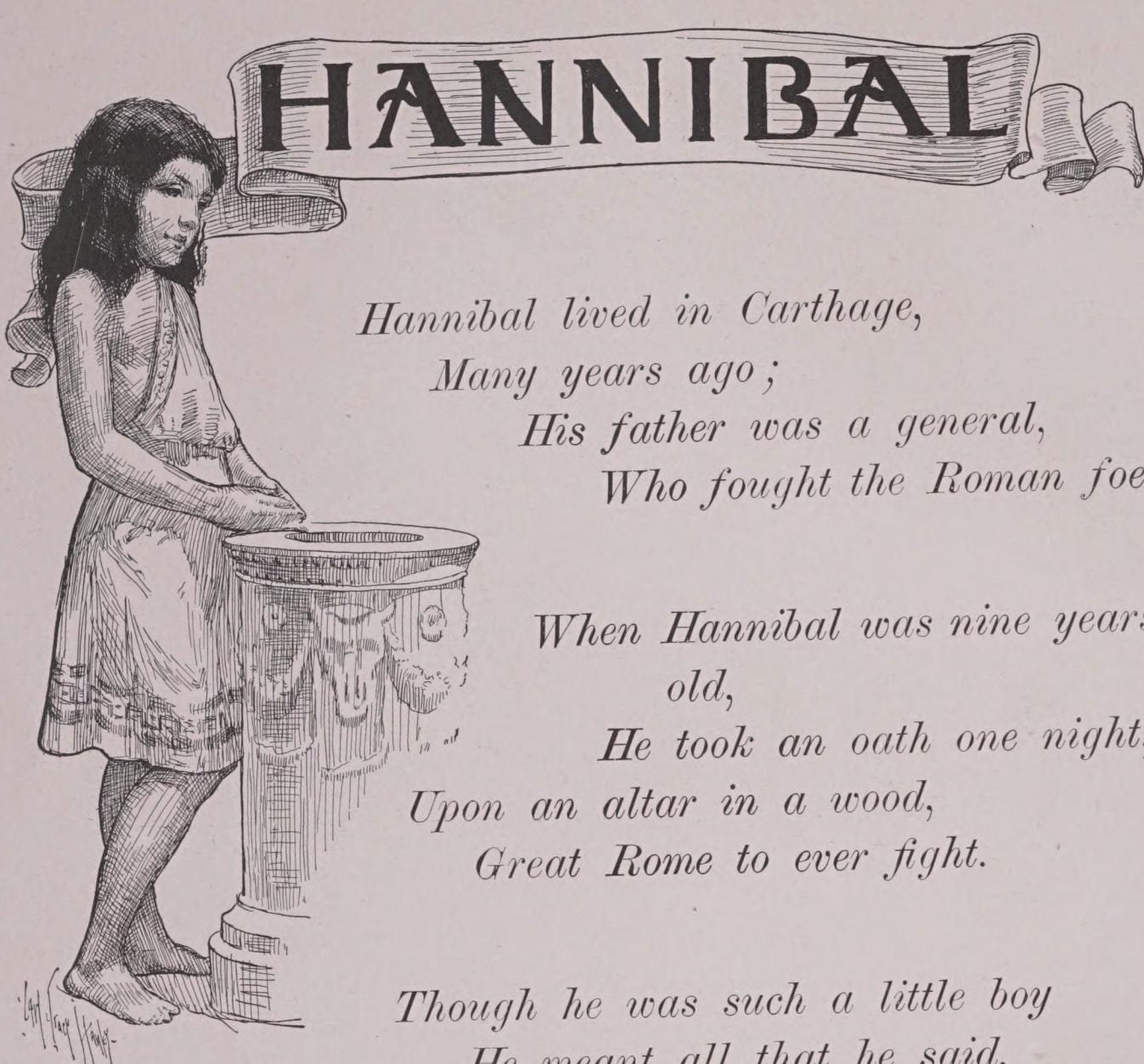
Napoleon was a Corsican
Of somewhat noble birth;
Do you not know what course he
ran
To try to rule the earth?

His brain was large, his body small,
Far greater was his sword!
He wished to rule the nations all,
And make himself their lord.

So Europe all against him turned
To overthrow his power;
His army him as leader spurned
And smaller grew each hour.

At Waterloo defeat met he,
Before the powers allied;
Deprived of rule and liberty,
On rocky isle he died.

[Napoleon Bonaparte, born in Corsica in 1769, and died a British prisoner on the island of St. Helena in 1821, was Emperor of the French between the years 1804 and 1814. His ambition to occupy the throne of France led him to undertake an array of wars against the chief powers of Europe, in which he showed great military genius. In 1808, desiring to annex Spain and Portugal to France, Napoleon sent an army to enter Madrid and proclaim his brother, Joseph Bonaparte, king. This led to what is known in history as "The Peninsular War." In 1812, he undertook a disastrous expedition into Russia, and in June 1815 he met with final defeat at Waterloo, in Belgium, by the armies of the allies under the Duke of Wellington.]

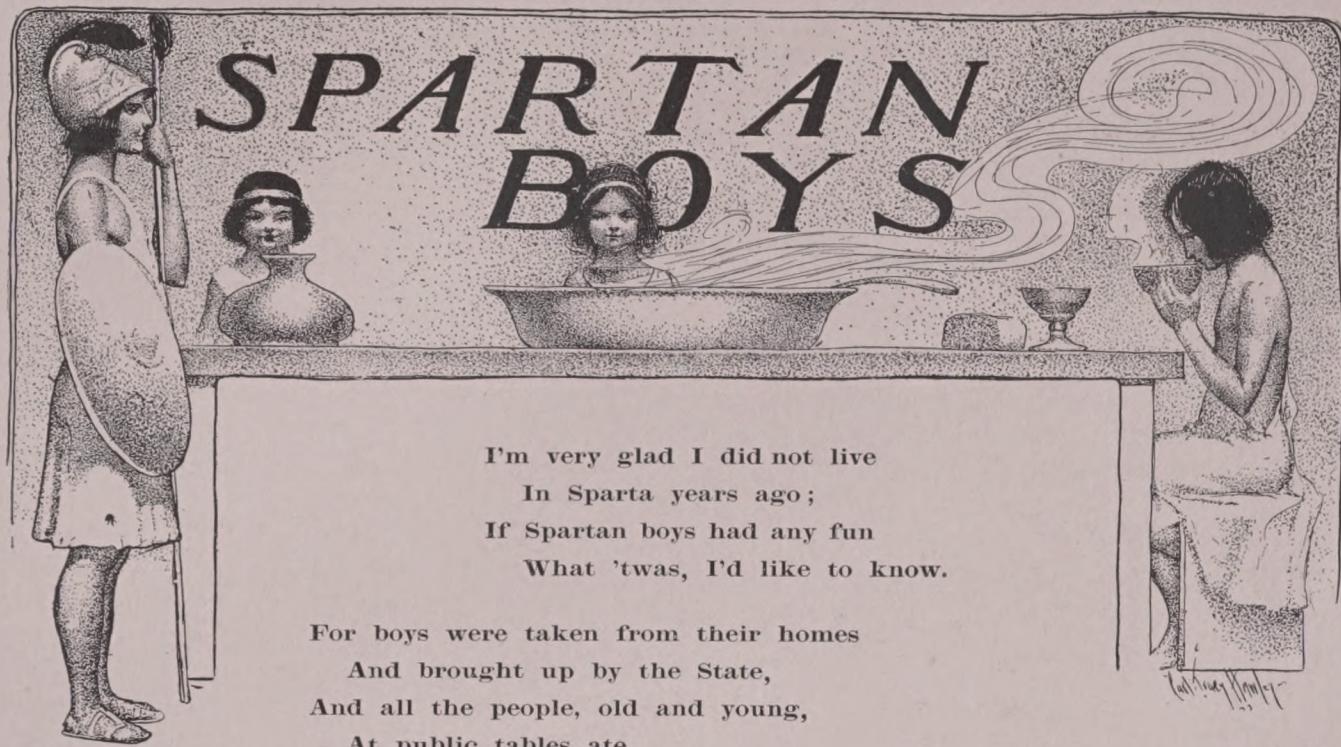


*Hannibal lived in Carthage,
Many years ago;
His father was a general,
Who fought the Roman foe.*

*When Hannibal was nine years
old,
He took an oath one night,
Upon an altar in a wood,
Great Rome to ever fight.*

*Though he was such a little boy
He meant all that he said,
And with his soldiers fought so hard
That all Rome mourned her dead.*

[Hannibal was a famous Carthaginian general, son of Hamilcar Barca. He lived between the years 247 and 183 B.C. Among many battles won he met the Romans at Cannae in 216 B.C. and inflicted on them a crushing defeat. He was himself afterward defeated by Scipio at Zama, in 201 B.C., and later on had other reverses which caused him to end his life by suicide.]



I'm very glad I did not live
In Sparta years ago;
If Spartan boys had any fun
What 'twas, I'd like to know.

For boys were taken from their homes
And brought up by the State,
And all the people, old and young,
At public tables ate.

A Spartan boy could never have
A second piece of pie;
There was no chance for him to wink
And catch his mother's eye.

And if he ran away from school
With other boys for fun,
He could not creep to mother's side
And tell what he had done.

The bravest soldiers in the world
These Spartan boys became,
For if a boy was ever hurt
To cry would be a shame.

A type of manhood and of strength
The Spartan has become;
But still I think I'd rather have
A mother and a home.

Sparta was an ancient and powerful city in Laconia, Greece, whose inhabitants took part in the Persian and in the Peloponnesian wars. They had a high idea, though to us it seems a rigorous one, of bringing up young people in severe simplicity, and inculcated in the young true manliness and love of country. On the youth going to battle, his mother would say to him as she handed him his shield, "My son, return with this, or on it"—Come back as a conqueror or be brought back on it as one slain in honorable fight.

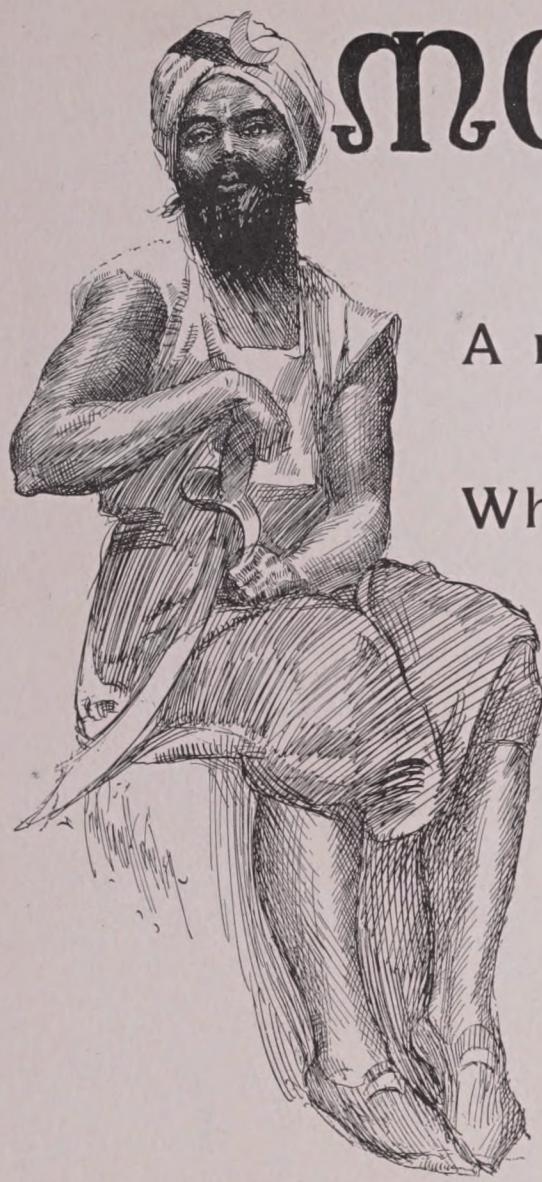


Aristides was a famous Athenian general and statesman, surnamed the Just. He took part in the great battles of Marathon, Salamis, and Plataea, but was also noted for his civic reforms and for the justness of his dealings with all. He died about 468 B.C.

Aristides was a man
Who lived in Greece one time;
From the city he was sent
Early in his prime.

But afterward they took him back
And ever called him Just.
In the Persian wars he fought,
But not because he must.

It was because he loved the town
And ever wished it good;
And helped and taught in every way
That such a wise man could.



Mohammed

A man, named Mohammed,
Once lived in the east,
Who ruled like a prophet,
A king, and a priest.

His kingdom was little
When first he did
reign,
But later it reached
From Arabia to Spain.

And some feared his soldiers
Would conquer the world,
In so many lands
Were his banners unfurled.

[Mohammed, a great prophet of the Arabs and founder of Mohammedanism, was born at Mecca, Arabia, about the year 570 and died in A.D. 632. After a life of peace, he finally took up the sword against idolatry.]



St. Anthony



ST. ANTHONY was a pious youth
Who never left the path of truth,
 In evil ways to walk;
The world agrees that when a boy,
It was his highest aim and joy
 Of heavenly things to talk.

The devil flew into a rage
When this good monk remained in age
 A pure and holy man;
From virtue's pathway to beguile
He tried, with many an artful wile,
 But vain his every plan.

The holy saint, with virtue strong,
Despising every thought of wrong,
 Resisted all his wiles;
And when the devil in despair,
Gave up the task and left him there,
 He comfort found in angels' smiles.



St. Augustine



ST. AUGUSTINE, that noble
monk,
 Had often in his youth
been drunk,
 And lived a life of sin;
But when he old and wiser grew,
A better course he did pursue
 With hope a heaven to win.

He then became a holy man
Whose every wish and every
 plan
Was still the world to bless;
Now every tongue and every
 creed
Give Augustine his rightful meed,
His holy life confess. [354-430 A. D.]



Henry of Navarre



GAY and handsome youth
Was Henry of Navarre;
A polished man at court,
A lion when in war.

The land was full of fighting men,
Whose tumult sounded far,
The leader of the Huguenots
Was Henry of Navarre.

When against the enemy
He led his men to fight,
He told them all to follow
His plume of snowy white.

In the thick of battle
Flashing like a star,
Rose and fell the emblem
Of Henry of Navarre.

And the soldiers followed gladly
Where they saw that white plume wave,
Feeling that their gallant leader
Would their country save.

At last gay Henry of Navarre
Was made the king of France;
No more for his religion
He raised the sword or lance.

He ruled the people wisely
And religious freedom gave,
And all men had the right to choose
The way their souls to save.

[Henry IV of France, reigned 1589-1610.]

Louis VII

LOUIS THE SEVENTH
Was a king of France,
Who ruled the people
With a nod or a glance.
Thirteen hundred men
He burned in a church,
Which left the old king
In quite a bad lurch.
To redress the crime
By St. Bernard's aid,
He started off East
On a lengthened crusade.

[Louis VII, King of France (1137-80),
took part in the second crusade.]

The Teutons

THE Teutons fair,
With streaming hair,
Brave as warriors at times;
With bodies strong,
And limbs so long,
Lived in Europe's northern climes.

There they hunted and fished,
They fought when they wished,
And always had their own way;
And when they got tired
They moved where desired,
And always went there to stay.



The Guillotine

THIS is the guillotine,
So base and full of spleen ;
The sharp knife may be seen,
That killed serf, king, and queen,
Rich and poor, fat and lean,
Whose heads were put between
The block and blade so keen,
And cut off like a bean,
With nothing up to screen.
'Twas very bad, I ween,
This awful guillotine.
The French used it
And abused it.
None refused it.
All accused it,
This wicked guillotine.

[The guillotine was a beheading machine, said to be invented by a French medical man, named Guillotin, who was a member of the French Constituent Assembly in 1789. The instrument of death was used in the French Revolution of that year with dire celerity and dispatch, the heads of thousands being whisked off by it during that stormy and disturbed time.]

Louis Philippe

THE citizen king,
Poor Louis Philippe,
Found the royal road
Was rocky and steep.

By the Chambers elected
To wear the French crown,
The nobles looked on him
With sneer and with frown.

While the people declared
No king they would own,
And vowed they would pull him
From off the throne.

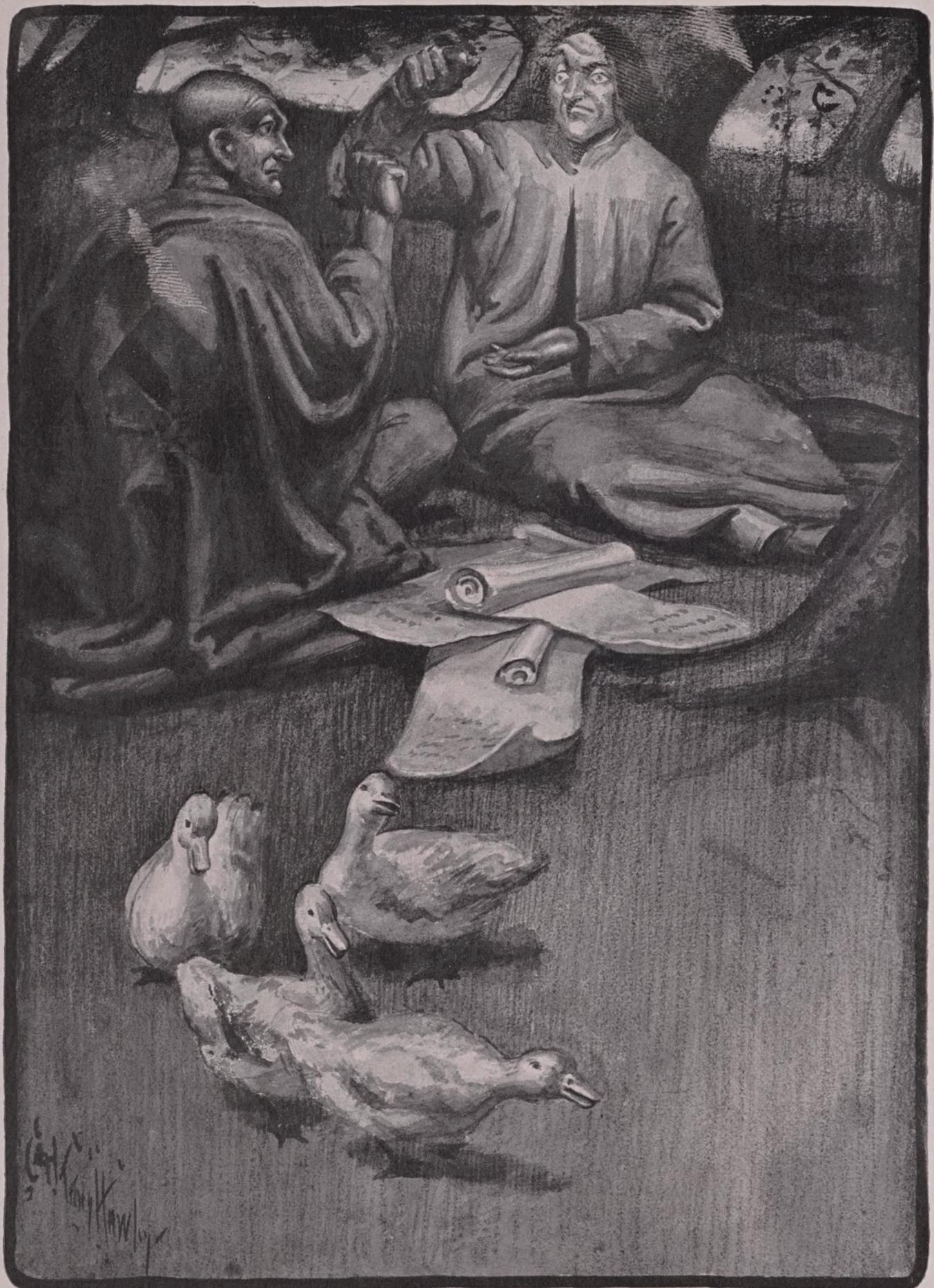
Poor Louis Philippe
Both sides tried to please,
But found in this course
Neither safety nor ease.

So Louis Philippe
On the throne of his sires,
Was like a man roasting
Betwixt two hot fires.

One cold winter's night,
He was roused from his sleep,
By hearing hoarse shouts,
"Down with Louis Philippe!"

The kingdom was ended,
By a breath blown away ;
A new French Republic
Was founded that day.

[Louis Philippe was king of France between years 1830 and 1848. He is known as the "citizen king," as he favored the revolution, and took the part of the people against the aristocrats, and at one time renounced his titles and went into exile. When the revolution of July, 1830, overthrew Charles X, he was made king, but his government becoming reactionary, he was deposed by the revolution of Feb., 1848.]



The Schoolmen



These are schoolmen two,
Always in a stew,
Over points not new,
Whose ideas are few.
Don't they look quite blue?
They had naught else to do.
Now all this is true.

They quibbled,
They dribbled,
They muttered,
They sputtered,
They defined,
They designed,
They spun out,
They run out,

They turned outside in and inside out,
Till what he was arguing about

Neither one knew,
Neither do you.

[The Schoolmen were learned, but rather pedantic, men of the Middle Ages, who used to lecture and expound, chiefly in philosophy and theology, in the schools or cloisters of cathedrals. The era of the Schoolmen extends from the 11th to the 14th centuries.]



Ponce de Leon

Goosie, Goosie Gander
Whither shall I wander?

Over land
Over sea,
I'm a great commander.

I want to find a fountain
Whose waters when
I drink
Will keep me always
young and gay;
From old age I do
shrink.

Ponce de Leon, a Spanish soldier, born in Aragon about 1460, was the conqueror of Porto Rico and the discoverer of Florida, in A.D. 1513. He and his colonists were attacked by the Florida Indians and had to leave the region. Ponce de Leon was wounded in the retreat by an Indian arrow, which caused his death.

Who Settled America?

When o'er the sea the white man came,
 Across the raging foam,
To settle in the new-found land
 And make themselves a home.

What places first attracted them?
 Where did their vessels land?
From Nova Scotia's stormy coast
 To the South Sea's golden sand?

What motives led these hardy men
 To seek so great a change,
To leave the homes they'd always known
 For countries new and strange?

The Spaniards first across the main
 Their white-winged vessels steered;
They cared for naught but finding gold,
 No laws or menace feared.

They claimed possession of the land
 For Spanish king and creed,
But robbed and murdered everywhere
 To satisfy their greed.

To mark their conquests in this land
 One town alone is seen:
We know in sixteen, sixty-five
 They built St. Augustine.

To Canada the Frenchmen came
 And all the country claimed,
Built towns and forts all through the land
 Which they New France had named.

They settled also in the South,
 On Carolina's coast,
And down the Mississippi built
 Many a trading-post.

When came the Dutch across the sea
 Part of this land to claim,
They settled on that noble stream
 Which now bears Hudson's name.

The gay and gallant cavaliers,
 With noble English names,
Built the first English settlement
 At Jamestown, on the James.

William the Silent

Prince William of Orange, the "Silent" was named,
For doing, not talking, he justly was famed,
Few words and great actions were ever his plan,
This William the Silent, this great fighting man.

[Lived 1533-84.]



The Lion of the North



OR Sweden and for Swedish
rights

The great Gustavus fought,
A foremost place in Europe's
ranks

Was what for her he sought.

When from the north this lion king
His valiant armies led,
The nations heard his voice with awe,
And trembled at his tread.

For thirty years a furious war
All Europe's mettle tried;
Gustavus led the Swedish force
And Wallenstein defied.

On Lutzen's bloody battle-field
While shouts his victory tell,
The foremost in the raging fight,
Gallant Gustavus fell.

But death ends not the mighty work
Of one so good and wise;
This Northern Lion's glorious name
In Sweden never dies.

[Reigned 1611-32.]

*Gustavus Adolphus,
King of Sweden, was
the champion of the
Protestant cause in
Germany against the
forces of the Catholic
League. He fell in
battle at Lutzen, near
Leipsic, Nov. 16, 1732.*



Garibaldi



GRAVE Garibaldi
Fought for his country:
Nor e'en could happy be
Till she was free.

Poor wretched Italy,
Troubled by the enemy,
Could not united be,—
Could not agree.

Noble Garibaldi
Gave his service gladly,
Till he died cheerfully,—
A hero was he.

[Lived 1807-82.]

Peter the Great

EMPEROR PETER, called the Great,
Ruled supreme the Russian state;
He learned in Holland ships to make,
That he the Swedish power might break.

He opened mines, he founded schools,
And cities built and battles fought,
And steered his ships across the sea,
And warships made and fashions taught.

He made the stolid Russian counts
Dance gaily at a ball;
The court, the army, and the church
Obeyed his beck and call.

They say his ghost still haunts the land,
Still wanders over hill and vale,
Measures the water in the bay,
And guards the ships that from it sail.

Whether this be true or no,
'Tis sure the Russian state
Still prospers from that mighty rule
Of Peter, called the Great.

[Reigned 1689-1725.]

The Wars of the Roses

RTHE wars of the roses,
The white and the red,
How oft has English blood been shed;
How oft have fallen
In cruel fight
The sturdy squire and gallant knight.
How many thousand English men
In battle have been slain,
That wicked kings who loved them not
In England fair might reign. [1452-1485.]



King John



KING JOHN he was a tyrant bold
Who vexed his nobles sore;
He troubled them till they
could bear
His wickedness no more.

And so they drew a charter up
To make him understand
That he must give to each his right,
And justly rule the land.

King John, when he the charter read,
Flew in a dreadful rage;
He chewed up sticks, rolled on the
ground,
And struck his harmless page.

But since the nobles had their way,
No king, however mad,
Now dares to be so wickedly,
So wrongly, boldly bad.

[*King John of England (Lackland), who ruled from 1199 to 1216, was given to so much misgovernment of his kingdom that the barons rose against him and compelled him to sign Magna Charta at Runnymede, in June, 1215.*]



Four Georges



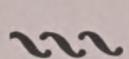
G'LL tell you a story of George
the First,
How he from Hanover came;
I'll tell you another of George
the Second,
And that will be the same.

A story now of George the Third,
Perhaps you'd like to hear;
He lost his wits and nothing knew
For many a weary year.

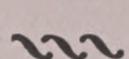
Then George the Fourth came to the
throne,
Too long the yarn's been spun;
I'll tell no more of Georges four,
Because my story's done.

For all the Georges ever did,
And all they ever knew,
Is written in this little tale
Which I have told to you.

[The Four Georges reigned 1714-1830.]



Leonidas



WHEN the Persian host marched
Down upon Greece,
To capture all the land,
The courage of her soldiers rose
That army to withstand.

Leonidas, the leader brave,
With but three hundred men,
Stood in a narrow mountain pass,
That overlooks a glen.

The pass was narrow, they were brave,
And would have won the day,
Had not a traitor shown the foe
A secret winding way.

So when the Grecians saw the foe
Press in from every side,
They bravely fought, till all but one,
Like heroes fighting died.

[480 B. C.]

March of the Ten Thousand

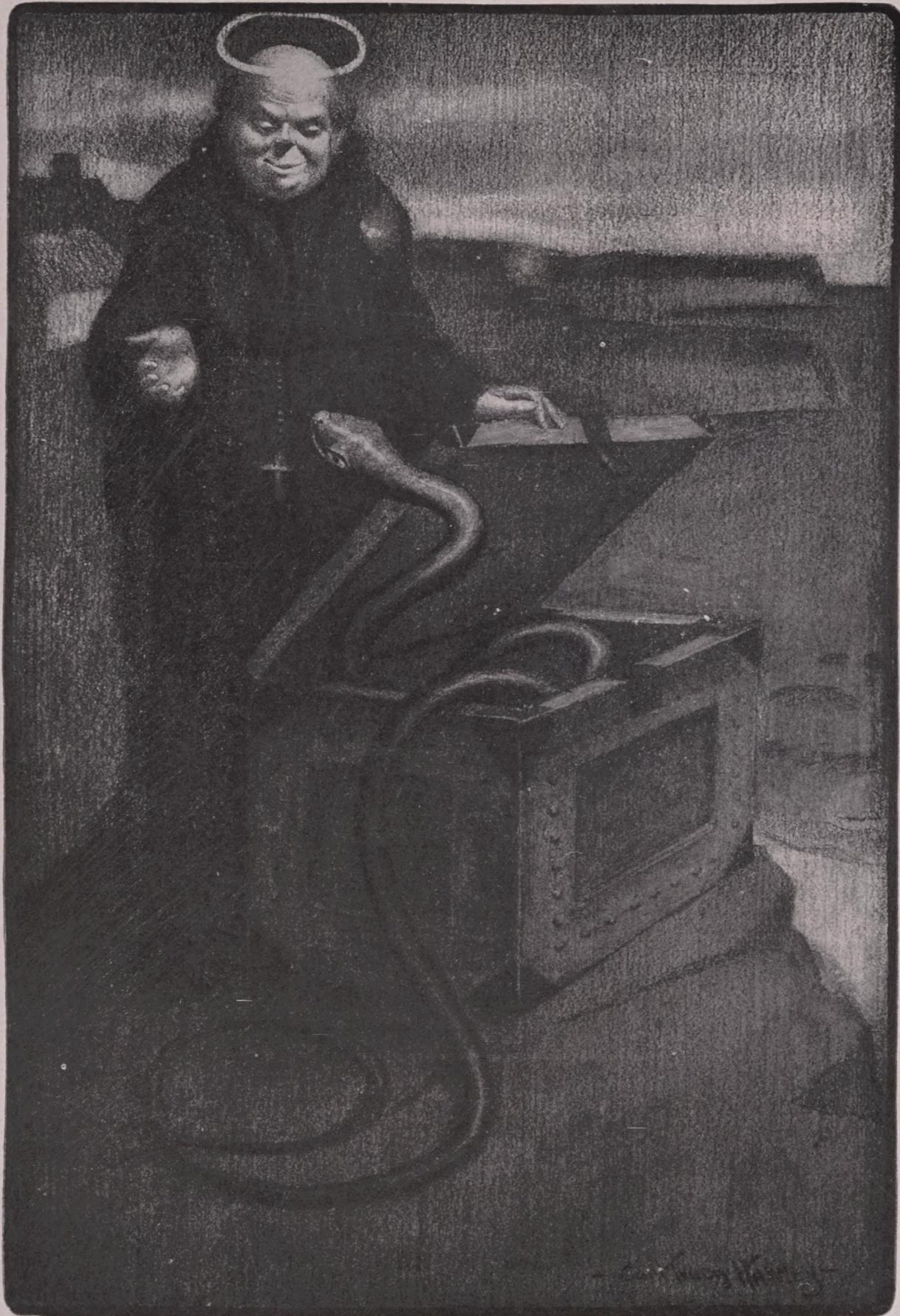


ENOPHON and ten thousand
Greeks
From Asia started home;
The way was long and rough
and steep,
By mountains wild and rivers deep,
Where hostile tribes their vigils keep,
The weary soldiers come.

Through snow and ice they made their
way,
These soldiers bold and free,
They fought by day and watched by
night,
And forward pressed with all their
might,
Till burst upon their longing sight,
The blue and sparkling sea.

Then joyful shouts broke from the
crowd,
“The sea, the sea, the sea!”
They wept for joy these warriors brave,
And grateful thanks to Heaven they
gave,
For just beyond the sunlit wave
Lay Greece, the fair and free.

[400 B. C.]



(96)

ST. PATRICK

St PATRICK



A GENTLEMAN both wise and quaint
Of Ireland was the patron saint,
St. Patrick was his name;
For rescuing dames in sorry plight,
And killing robbers in the fight,
He had acquired great fame.

St. Patrick's last and worthiest deed,
Which we in olden annals read,
The best he did for Ireland's sake,
Was that, when with unwearying care,
He drove all reptiles from their lair,
And banished every snake.

But one old snake was bound to stay,
Long hidden in a swamp he lay,
And vowed he would not leave;
St. Patrick coaxed and coaxed in vain,
At last it seemed to him quite plain
The snake he must deceive.

One day he bought an oaken chest
In which the snake might snugly rest,
And bade him in it crawl;
The snake replied in serious tone,
He'd love to call that chest his own,
But that it was too small.

"But try it, love," St. Patrick said,
"Just rest your darlint little head
Upon its floor so stout;"
The cunning snake the trick had guessed,
So when he crawled into the chest
His tail left hanging out.

"See there," he said, "I told you so,
The chest is much too small, I know."
"Pull in your tail," the saint replied,
Then down he banged the heavy lid,
Into their place the bolts he slid,
Then laughed until he cried.



Balboa



Now come while I tell you a story
Of a sturdy and brave company,
Who with their leader Balboa,
Longed greatly to find the "Big Sea."

An Indian boy had once told them
That far over mountain and plain,
Past lands of the wild savage native,
The hills sloped down to the main.

And there on the shores of that ocean
Were rare pearls, and diamonds, and gold,
And the whole land was filled with great wonders
And more wealth than ever was told.

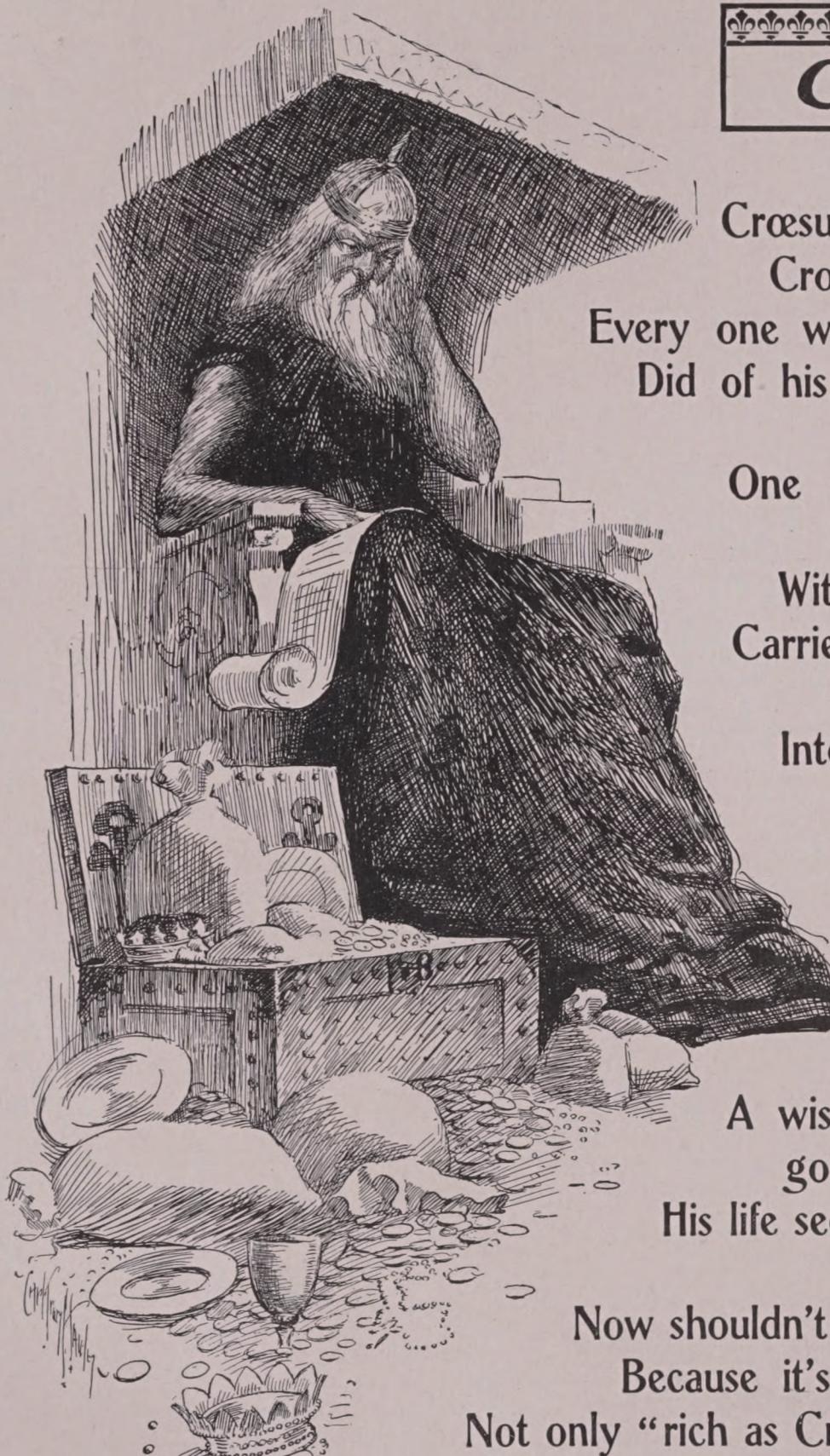
So bravely they fought and they struggled,
No danger their journey could stay,
Till their weary souls were at last gladdened
By news that was told them one day.

"From the top of yon high and steep mountain
You can see for yourself the Big Sea;"
"Rest here," to his men said Balboa,
"Let no man go upward but me."

So he climbed by himself to the summit
And saw—what a glorious sight!
He fell on his knees and thanked Heaven
For having thus led him aright.

For there lay the surging Pacific,
Its mighty waves thundered and roared,
On the mountain top knelt its discoverer,
While to God he his gratitude poured.

[1513.]



Croesus

Croesus was a rich man,
Croesus was a king;
Every one who heard of him
Did of his riches sing.

One day the Persian
king (Cyrus),
With a mighty band,
Carried hapless Croesus
off
Into his own great
land.

He was treated
kindly,
And lived at
Cyrus' court
A wise adviser and so
good,
His life seemed all too short.

Now shouldn't people say, sir,
Because it's just as true,
Not only "rich as Croesus,"
But "wise as Croesus," too?

— Croesus (King of Lydia), born about 590 B.C.



Henry III



SAY, haven't you heard
Of Henry the Third,
The greatest German Emperor
Who ever wore a sword ?

The Princes he ruled,
The Bishops he fooled,
And all his royal officers
He diligently schooled.

He dethroned the Pope
And ruined his hope.
With evils in the Roman Church
He always tried to cope.

He built up his power,
Increased it each hour,
And gave his noble successor
A magnificent dower.

So when Henry died
His people all cried
That they had lost their brave father
Who was their joy and pride.

[Reigned 1039-56.]



St. Dunstan



ST. DUNSTAN was a holy priest,
Of noble birth and learning great,
Who ruled the church with iron hand
And also ruled the state.

St. Dunstan's heart within him burned,
His righteous anger rose,
He seized a pair of red hot tongs
And pinched the devil's nose.

One day while working at a forge
The devil peeped within,
And tried to tempt this holy man
To lead a life of sin.

The wicked spirit fled away
His bellowings heard for miles,
And good St. Dunstan nevermore
Was tempted by his wiles.

[St. Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury, England,
born 924; died 988.]



The Monk.

This is the Monk, so jolly
and fat,
Who lived in days of
yore;
He wore a black dress,
and had no hat,
And roamed the wide
world o'er.

He had a smooth face
and combed head,
And slept in a narrow
cell;
He never dared to wed a
maid,
Though ever so fine a belle.

Lord Baltimore

There was a Catholic, named Baltimore,
Who left his home for the western shore;
To Maryland he came,
And to faiths of every name
He opened wide the door.

[1634.]

Cromwell and the Dutch



SEE the mighty host come sailing
To the English coast.
"I will sweep the English Channel,"
That was Van Tromp's boast.

"Sweep it clean of English vessels,
Sink them quick and fast,"
So a broom he fastened stoutly
To his lofty mast.

Cromwell was not one bit flustered,
Soon his cannons, roar
Sent those Dutch ships flying swiftly
Toward the Holland shore.

'Twas not Van Tromp whose courage failed,
Who turned and ran away;
He fired his guns on those poltroons
Who lost to him the day.

Martin Tromp was a Dutch admiral who fought several battles with the English in the Channel during the Commonwealth period. He was killed in a battle at sea, off the Texel, an island in the North Sea, belonging to the Netherlands, July 31, 1653.

The Rump Parliament



WAS after King Charles had gone to his grave,
And the nobles were trying their own necks to save,
That the army of Parliament quite jealous grew,
And I think the great Oliver did a bit, too.

In English history, "The Rump" was a name given in contempt to the remnant of the Long Parliament, restored by the army in 1659. It was in April, 1653, that Cromwell went to the House of Commons and expelled the members.

So he marched to the House with some soldiers one day,
And told every man he must go right away.
And he called them all names (which may have been true)
And made them all angry, but what could they do?
For he brought in his soldiers, who turned them all out,
Put the key in his pocket, and ended the rout.

Louise de la Vallière

NCE there was a maiden fair,
A maid of face and figure rare,
With eyes of blue and flaxen hair,
With gentle mien and modest air,
Yet blithe and gay and debonair,
Alas! her beauty was a snare
To sweet Louise la Vallière.
When changes came she could not bear
The courtiers' cold, unfriendly stare,
The scorn of those who did not dare
In happier days such looks to wear.
And so, in sadness and despair,
She to a convent did repair,
To end her days in penance there,
In humble work and earnest prayer,
This sad Louise la Vallière.

[Age of Louis XIV.]



Erasmus



HO was Erasmus?
A reformer great,
With a learned pate,
Who made a big fuss
In Europe.

A small man was he,
With keen and gray eyes,
And nose of large size,
By all known, you see,
In Europe.

The monks he denounced
And all abuses
And evil uses,
Upon them he pounced
In Europe.

The Church he'd not leave,
For Pope, Queen, and King
Took him under their wing
And gifts he'd receive
In Europe.

[Lived 1467-1536]



REMUS AND ROMULUS

Remus and Romulus

Remus and Romulus were two little boys,
In the old Latin world they made a great noise;
Their bad uncle stole them and ordered them
drowned,
But the full-flowing stream bore them to the high
ground;
And there in their cradle all safely they lay,—
At least, that is what I have heard people say.

A mother-wolf came where they cried in their fright,
She nursed them, and soothed them by day and by
night,
Till a good shepherd took them from out the wolf's
den,
And carried them home, where they grew to be men.
And then their bad uncle they killed one fine day,—
At least, that is what I have heard people say.

Then Remus and Romulus, when their uncle was killed,
Went where the wolf found them, a city to build;
But planning the wall soon brought about strife,
And Romulus struck Remus and ended his life;
And then he built Rome, but not in a day,—
At least, that is what I have heard people say.

—*Legendary.*

Remus and Romulus, in Roman legend, were the twin sons of the god Mars by Silvia, a vestal virgin. When mere infants they were exposed on water in a cradle by their great-uncle Amulius, and the floods carried the cradle to the foot of the Palatine at Rome. Here a wolf suckled them till the king's herdsman or shepherd (Faustulus) discovered them, and took them to his wife, who brought them up. When the twins grew to manhood they put to death Amulius, who had caused them to be exposed. Romulus is renowned as being the founder of Rome, and its first king (753-716 B.C.).

Elizabeth and Raleigh

GOOD Queen Bess of England
From her carriage stepped one day;
But the road so wet and muddy was,
She stopped in great dismay.

Quick as thought Sir Walter Raleigh
Sprang from the gaping crowd,
And laid his velvet mantle
In her path mid cheering loud.

Sir Philip Sidney

SIR Philip Sidney was a brave
And courteous young knight,
Who in the days of "Good Queen Bess"
Did in her army fight.

He was a noted writer,
A statesman, and loved art,
But best of all, Sir Philip
Had a kind and generous heart.

'Tis said when on the battle-field
He wounded lay and dying,
He gave a cup of water cool
To a soldier by him lying.

[Lived 1554-86.]

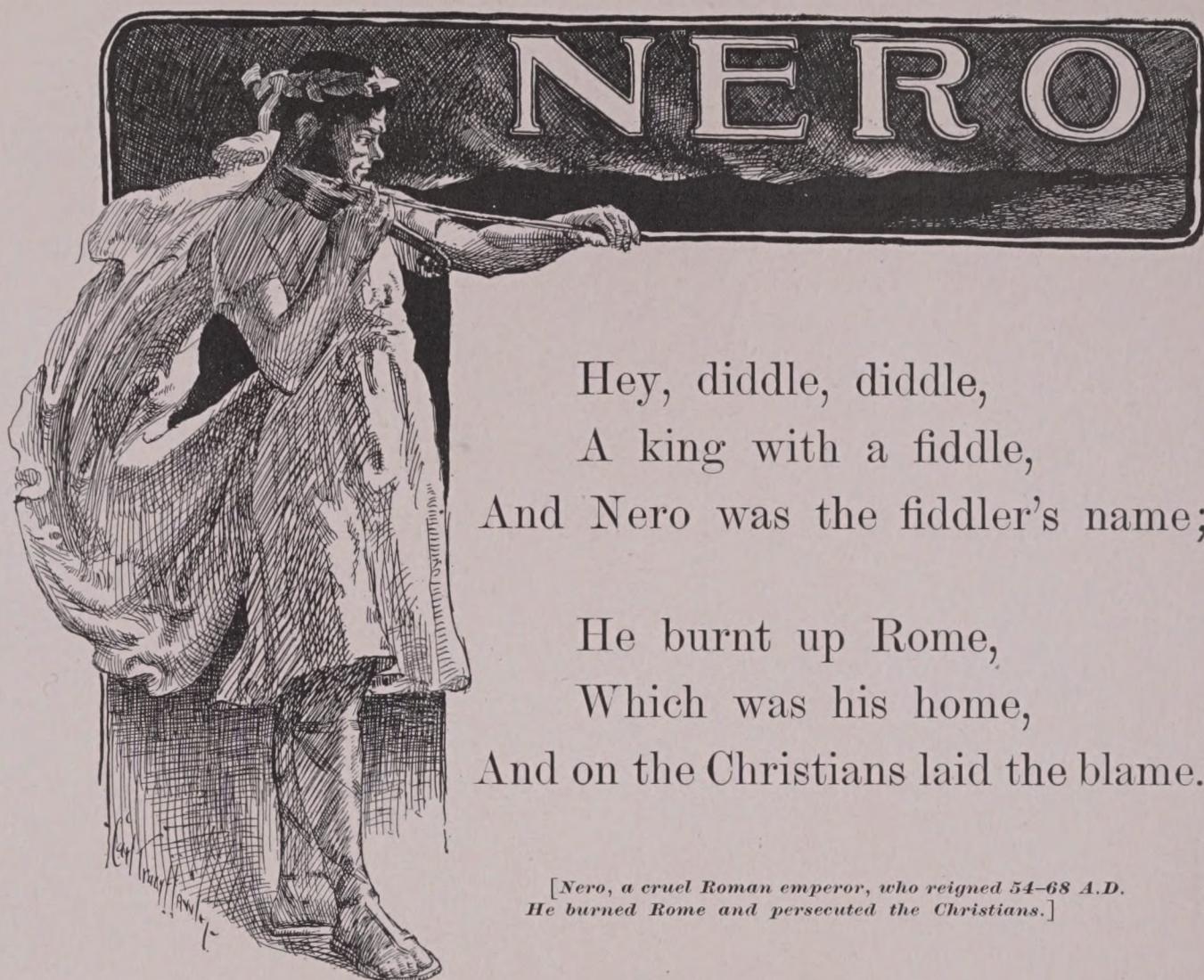
The Spanish Armada

THE Spanish Armada with caravels grand,
Brought thousands of men in England to land.
But Drake, the bold sailor, was eager to fight,
And drove the rash Spaniard away in a fright.

He sent his blazing fireships
Right in among the fleet.
They did not care,
They did not dare,
Such a fearful foe to meet;
So out upon the Northern Sea
The frightened Spaniards had to flee.

The wind blew east,
The wind blew west,
With loud and frightful roar,
It drove the broken Spanish ships
Beyond the Scottish shore;
And never more to English land
Came Spanish ships and galleys grand.

[July, 1588.]



Hey, diddle, diddle,
A king with a fiddle,
And Nero was the fiddler's name;

He burnt up Rome,
Which was his home,
And on the Christians laid the blame.

*[Nero, a cruel Roman emperor, who reigned 54-68 A.D.
He burned Rome and persecuted the Christians.]*

Caligula

Once an Emperor of Rome,
Caligula by name,
Did some very foolish things
And brought himself to shame.

An army he to England took
To fight the Britons there,
But when he reached the British shore
To fight he did not dare.

He set his soldiers gathering shells
Along the pebbly shore,
And sent them back to Italy
As trophies of the war.

Caligula (Caius Cæsar) was the third Emperor of Rome (37-41 A.D.), the son of Germanicus. His reign was marked by much cruelty. He invaded Gaul (France) in 40 A.D., and was assassinated in the following year.

“Don’t Give up the Ship”

THE “Shannon” and the “Chesapeake,”
They met in deadly fray,
And soon upon the bloody deck
The dying captain lay.

“Don’t give up the ship,”
Was Lawrence’s dying word;
“Don’t give up the ship,”
The echo still is heard.

Wherever float the stars and stripes,
O’er vessels armed with guns,
Wherever stand upon their decks
Columbia’s sturdy sons,
We always shall our enemies whip,
And never will give up the ship.

[June 1, 1813.]

Osceola

THE brave chief Osceola,
By the white man was betrayed;
Although it was a part
That he had often played.

He trusted to the white man’s word,
His promise he believed;
The ignorant, heathen savage
By the Christian was deceived.

He came to General Jessup’s camp
Protected by a truce,
Which he supposed would leave him free,
Nor dreamed of its abuse.

They seized this brave and haughty chief,
The Indian’s joy and pride;
Within Fort Moultrie’s gloomy walls
Poor Osceola died.

[1838.]

Cæsar and Pompey

ONCE Cæsar crossed the Rubicon
To fight poor Pompey brave,
But Pompey fled away to Greece
His own dear life to save.

Then Cæsar set himself to work
Fair Italy to win;
It took him only sixty days
To pacify his kin.

And then he went to Sicily,
And Africa and Spain,
There to subdue the native tribes
And all the country gain.

Then Cæsar, too, went into Greece
To fight his rival strong;
The armies at Pharsalia met
In battle fierce and long.

There Pompey was defeated,
And to Egypt had to flee,
While Cæsar was sole ruler made
By that great victory.

[49-48 B.C.]

Boadicea

STANDING upon her chariot strong,
And driving fast her horses fleet,
Comes Briton’s queen into the fight,
Her murdered daughters at her feet.

The Britons fought until the last;
The Romans won the day;
The noble queen by poison died;
Thus ends this mournful lay.

[62 A.D.]

Queen Victoria

 QUEEN VICTORIA, good and kind,
Your reign was very long,
And in the swiftly fleeting years
Your country has grown strong.

The English rule belts all the earth,
The sun ne'er sets on English land;
Victoria's name, in many climes,
Both love and honor can command.

As empress and as queen of queens,
As woman and as friend,
The glory of your honored name
Will last till time shall end.

[Born 1819, crowned 1838, died 1901.]

Oom Paul

 THERE was an old man, named "Oom Paul,"
Who liked the English not at all;
So he stirred up the Dutch,
Who loved him so much,
"We'll fight them till death," said Oom Paul.

And then English soldiers, so brave,
Were sent out their brothers to save;
And the last that I knew
They were both in a stew,
And many had found a sad grave.

Old Noll

 ROMWELL ruled with kingly power;
"Old Noll" the people called him.
He fought for right
With all his might,
An nothing could appall him.

[The Protector, Oliver Cromwell,
ruled England in 1653-58.]

Battle of Lake Erie

 RAVE Commodore Perry
He fought on Lake Erie,
And took six ships within two hours.
He sent from Lake Erie
This message so cheery,
"We have met the enemy, and they are ours."

[September 10, 1813.]

Charles First

 KING CHARLES THE FIRST would have his
way
In spite of wrong or right;
The Roundheads drove him from his throne
And then he had to fight.

They chased him over fen and moor,
A weary life he led;
At last they shut him up in jail
And then cut off his head.

[Charles I. of England, reigned 1625-49.]

Robert Bruce

 N MANY a battle fiercely fought,
For Scotland and its throne,
Brave Robert Bruce the lesson taught
That valor wins its own.

For, after years of sad defeat,
His fortunes took a turn;
A victory, he made complete,
Was won at Bannockburn.

Two hundred years the Scots were free
From English tyranny and abuse.
The Scottish heart still thrills with pride
At mention of the Bruce.

[1314.]

Joan of Arc



Who is this girl who tends her sheep?
Joan of Arc's her name;
What does she see in visions bright?
A shining road to fame.

She sees the king of France
Replaced upon his throne;
She sees the hosts advance,
Led by the maiden Joan.

Who is this maiden fair
Upon a milk-white steed,
In warrior's armor clad,
The hosts of France to lead?

She scales the wall, she takes the town,
The French to victory crowd;
The Orleans maid is honored now
By plaudits long and loud.

Who now is led to meet her doom,
The stake is set, the fagots laid.
The cry goes forth, "The witch must burn"—
Who is this woeful maid?

The king of France cares nothing now
For her who saved his throne,
But in enduring marble carved,
The people honor Joan.

[*Joan of Arc, the great national heroine of France, lived between the years 1412 and 1431. At this time, France was largely under the mastery of the English, and the story goes that Joan, the "Maid of Orleans," as she was called, sought in consequence of hearing supernatural voices to liberate her country from the invaders. In May, 1429, she raised the English siege of Orleans and gained other victories. Unhappily, she was later on captured, and at Rouen on May 30, 1431, she was burned as a heretic at the stake.*]



THE LION *and* THE BOAR



The Lion and the Transvaal Boar
Were fighting for the land,
The Lion thought he'd scare
the Boar
Because he had no "sand."

The nations all, with anxious
hearts,
looked toward that southern shore,
trembled in their very boots
near the Lion roar.

But when they heard that dreadful roar
It died into a wail,
Because that naughty, saucy Boar
Had chewed the Lion's tail.

But, later on, another wail
Was mingled with that roar;
For when the Lion wagged his tail
He also wagged the Boar.

The rhymes have reference to the Boer War (1899-1901) between Great Britain and the late burgher republics of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. The territories of both republics have been occupied by Britain and wrested from the Dutch Boers, though after protracted and plucky resistance.

The Regicides

IN ENGLAND once upon a time
There lived a wicked king,
The judges said that he must die
And no more trouble bring.

But when he had been dead some years,
His son came back to reign,
And said those judges then must die
Who had his father slain.

Two of them fled across the sea,
The sheriff followed fast,
But in a cave upon a hill
They hid themselves at last.

The people from the country round
Their every want supplied;
Each day they brought them food and
drink
And helped them well to hide.

[In English history, the Regicides were the men who had taken part in, or who favored, the execution of King Charles I. At the period of the Restoration, that is, in 1660, when the monarchy under Charles II was re-established (1660), a number of regicides suffered death, while others escaped by flight or concealment.]

The Battle of San Jacinto

IN THE great battle of San Jacinto,
See what a scrape the Mexicans got
into,
They fought it at a fearful cost,
The state of Texas then they lost,
In the battle of San Jacinto.

[April 21, 1836.]

Missouri Compromise

IN eighteen twenty the statesmen wise
Passed the Missouri Compromise,
Which gave the South to slavery,
But in the North made all men free.

In eighteen hundred, fifty-four
This country rang from shore to shore,
With loud protest and angry roar,
Because the North was made to yield
And see that Compromise repealed.

Theodoric

THEODORIC,
A Goth so slick,
Lived at the Eastern Court,
The king agreed
To let him lead
People of every sort
To Italy
So prettily.

With kinsmen all
Both great and small
He started for the west,
The land he took,
His king forsook,
And ruled it for the best.

[Theodoric the Great, King of the East Goths (474-526 A.D.), invaded Italy in 488 and repeatedly defeated Odoacer, leader of the native tribes, and finally killed him.]

James II

ING JAMES the Second
Ran away from his throne;
He had not the sense
To hold fast his own.

[Reigned 1685-88.]

William and Mary

ING WILLIAM and Queen Mary,
They were a loving pair:
They ruled the English people well,
But never had an heir.

[Reigned 1689-1702.]

Queen Anne

UEEN ANNE was short, and fat, and stout,
But always good and kind;
So when she died the people thought
Her like they'd never find.

[Reigned 1702-14.]

The Curfew

ILLIAM, the Conqueror
Forced his people all
To put out their light
On every night,
Cover the fire
And then retire,
As soon as the dark did fall.



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